AID TO BANGLADESH **DAVID A. WEISBROD**

THE NATION

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William L. Shirer

THE *HUBRIS* OF A PRESIDENT

Reflections on the Devastation of Hanoi, by the Journalist Who Broadcast Hitler's Barbarism to a Horrified World

WHY A BICENTENNIAL?

The Fife & Drum of Big Business

William Randel

Barbara Harrison

PHYLLIS CHESLER / 'WOMEN AND MADNESS'

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EDITORIALS

Police State Politics

It is easy to shoot holes in Governor Rockefeller's angry and dramatic proposal that drug pushers and addicts who commit violent crimes while under the influence of hard drugs should be given mandatory life sentences. If enacted, the proposal would create a tremendous backlog in criminal prosecutions at a time when "clearing the calendars" is a prime priority. Every pusher—and three out of four addicts are pushers—would demand a jury trial, having nothing to lose. Juries hesitate to convict when sentences are too severe and, in these cases, juries would have to ponder the imposition of life sentences on young offenders—those who become pushers to finance their habits rather than those who push drugs for a profit—and on addicted veterans returning from Vietnam.

If the Governor's proposal were adopted it would mean that in the first year of its application some 6,000 prisoners would be sentenced to state prisons, over and above those who would be sentenced for other crimes—and this at a time when the thrust of sound public policy would seem to be to keep prison populations at a minimum. It would also add to the difficulties under which the so-called therapeutic clinics now operate and would force more addicts on methadone.

Illegal methadone is even now readily available "on the street" at prices less than for heroin. Taken with other drugs, methadone can produce "highs" which predispose addicts to commit crimes of violence against others, whereas heroin addiction more often results in property thefts. As addicts shift to methadone the illusion is fostered that addiction is abating when, in fact, merely the forms are shifting. The evidence indicates that the severest penalties will not necessarily deter drug pushers; the Shah of Iran and President Marcos of the Philippines execute pushers, but the traffic continues. Moreover, the crackdown approach has been tried before, and by the Governor. At his request, the severity of mandatory sentences was increased in 1966 without producing any miracles.

The Governor, understandably, is angry. He has induced the state to spend $1 billion on various approaches to the drug problem, including prevention and rehabilitation programs, some of which showed promise. But inept administration, coupled with attempts to ballyhoo programs before they were tested, high overhead expenses and the failure to audit programs robbed the effort of what promise it initially possessed. After a decade-long struggle with the problem of hard drugs, he appears to have recognized that shoveling out money is not necessarily the answer. So his present proposal represents, in essence, an automatic lashing out at the undefeated enemy. Given his experience with the problem and the limitless sources of expert guidance available to him, it is difficult to see it as anything more substantial. As U.S. District Judge Jack B. Weinstein said recently, "We sometimes do the Governor the disservice of taking him seriously."

But from a political point of view he must be taken seriously. No politician wants to be accused these days of being "soft on drugs." Having spent ten years and $1 billion of public funds on the problem to no apparent avail, the Governor obviously feels that if he is to run for a fifth term he must adopt a tough line. President Nixon pointed this avenue of escape to the Governor when he visited New York last spring and announced that he was going to wage an all-out war on drugs. At that time he said that there should be no limit insofar as criminal penalties are concerned. "We must have no budget cuts in making total war on Public Enemy No. 1." Well, he waged that war—mostly in words—for a year, but with what results? The GAO, in a report submitted recently to Rep. Charles Rangel, says that little progress has been made by the federal government in cutting off the hard-drug traffic.

If the Governor were merely playing "hard-drug politics," or if he were simply mistaken about the effects of his proposal, one might note the fact sadly and pass on to other matters. But a larger issue is involved. Today there are many social problems about which the public feels worried, indignant and frustrated. Politicians are tempted to cater to those feelings by making demagogic proposals. Get tough; crack down; lock 'em up. No one—literally no one—suggests that big wheels in the hard-drug traffic should be dealt with leniently, but measures of the kind the Governor proposes will, if adopted, only add new dimensions to the problem. These and similar proposals—advanced for the same reason—are nudging us in the direction of a police state. For a police state is one which, unable to cope with its major harassing problems, has decided to invoke strong-arm methods to quarantine and contain them. But as Ramsey Clark said recently: "It's not going to be the club or gun or the iron wall that solves the problems of this society." The attempt to solve social problems by tough tactics, tempting as it may be, will not solve these problems; but it will, if persisted in, lead us in the direction of a police state.

Birthday Messages

Last week, on the eve of his 60th birthday, President Nixon admitted two wire service reporters to his presence and regaled them with his observations on the human life span. "Never slow down the spiritual heart," said the disciplinarian of Hanoi, "then age is not going to pull you down." If we understand what that means, we cordially agree, and so we believe would William Shirer, who next month celebrates his 69th birthday. As for Mr. Shirer's opinion of the President's success at maintaining a strong spiritual pulse, we refer the reader to p. 105 of this issue.

But a man whose heart and mind seem utterly oblivious to age is Cyrus Eaton. He was 89 last December 27, and he too invited the press to mark the occasion with him. Unlike Nixon, however, Mr. Eaton wasted no time paraphrasing Jaques on the ages of man. He strode into the room for his interview with the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, carrying a newspaper that was black with the headlines of B-52 raids. "Madness" was the word he used as he pointed to the page, and he added: "I do not believe that the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China will permit this to continue."

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A good many Americans—including, obviously, those in the White House—have apparently decided that, as far as American behavior in Vietnam is concerned, the Russians and the Chinese will permit anything. But Eaton, in addition to being perhaps the most powerful industrialist now active in this country, is a citizen of the world whose disinterested concern for the future of the world is recognized on every continent. He enjoys a rapport with the Russians and the Chinese that is not even approached by the likes of Dr. Kissinger and Mr. Nixon, and when he offers an opinion as to what those countries will or will not tolerate, only fools will ignore his words.

On the subject of folly, Mr. Eaton recalled that President Eisenhower, after his retirement, said to him that it would be "sheer stupidity" (Eaton repeated "sheer stupidity," to be sure the reporter had the words right) "to send American troops to fight in Indochina, next to the country with the largest standing army in the world and aided by the country with the most sophisticated weaponry in the world." Continuing on Eisenhower, he recalled: "As President, he later told me, his chief problem was with his Vice President, Richard Nixon, who implored the French to keep fighting and promised he would do everything in his power to persuade the American Government to send troops."

Eaton kept returning to the word "madness," applying it to Nixon's actions and making the now almost inevitable reference (see again the Shirer article) to the fact that Hitler was a madman. "It is time," he said, "for the industrial leader, the banker, the businessman, to speak up against this. It is increasing the burden of taxation to sustain this madness, and increasing the cost of money to American industry." In saying that, Eaton points to perhaps the most crippling silence in the present critical and terrible period—the silence of the country's industrial and financial leaders.

To make the Congress move against the President's evident determination to conquer or eliminate North Vietnam, it is not enough that the legislators should be spurred on by the voices of the peace movement, or even by the strong, clear and fearless voice of Cyrus Eaton. The United States is a nation of business, and business is Congress' biggest constituency. When business says, "enough," the Congress will act to end this war. But until the industrialists and bankers join Eaton in naming madness for what it is, Congress will in all likelihood continue to grumble and threaten and give Mr. Nixon whatever he says he needs to save American honor and the lives of American boys.

It is possible, of course, that some businessmen may still think that the war is good for business, if not for the country. We suggest that any such get in touch with Cyrus Eaton—they will agree, we presume, that he is an astute businessman.

A Moral Question

The lesson to be gleaned from the case of Gordon W. Rule may be defined this way: don't put your country's interest above your own unless you are willing to be shunted into a meaningless position, and suffer the pains and penalties that such a demotion involves.

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On December 18, Rule told a Congressional subcommittee that it had been a mistake for President Nixon to name Roy Ash, former president of Litton Industries, as director of the Office of Management and Budget, and a "worse mistake" for Ash to have accepted. But for some timely cries of outrage from Senator Proxmire, Rule would probably have been unceremoniously bounced from his position as director of the procurement control and clearance division of the Naval Materiel Command and, from a job of great responsibility, would have found himself without a government job of any kind. As it is, he has been transferred to a position in which he can scarcely put his experience and ability to use.

It seemed that Rule was not without remedy: he could, and did, appeal his demotion to the Civil Service Commission. To almost everyone's surprise, it turned out that the vice chairman of the commission was a Mrs. Jayne B. Spain, a member of the Litton Industries board of directors, who receives $11,000 a year from Litton in addition to her government salary of $38,000. This kind of arrangement is quite proper by the rules of the bureaucratic game as played in Washington. "It's largely a moral question, not a legal one," a government source commented.

Although seemingly not much disturbed, Mrs. Spain told a reporter for the Washington *Star* that she would remove herself from any participation in the Rule case if "anyone" thought she might be prejudiced. Rep. Les Aspin, who had earlier reported to *Nation* readers on the Litton shipbuilding mess in Mississippi, promptly identified himself as "anyone" and told Mrs. Spain by letter that a conflict of interest was inherent under the circumstances. To date, Mrs. Spain has not replied.

Meanwhile, Admiral Kidd, who had tried to coerce Rule into retiring and, failing, had demoted him, appeared in Rule's office in the Materiel Command and told him to get out of there and report to the lowly post to which he had been assigned. Kidd took no account of the fact that Rule's appeal to the CSC was pending, nor that he was working on testimony he was scheduled to give before the Proxmire subcommittee.

Kidd's summary order could be construed as obstruction of the legislative process, or at least as an attempt to obstruct. As a Congressman from California, Richard M. Nixon took the position that he would favor legislation to protect a civil servant who appeared before a Congressional committee from being punished or disciplined. We did not want, he said, a parade of yes men. Of course at that time Mr. Nixon was hunting subversives, but the principle remains sound.

Yet, just as Rule may be stymied by Mrs. Spain's presence on the CSC (unless she chooses to withdraw), the Congress seems stymied in the case of Roy Ash. The position to which he has been named does not require Senate confirmation, which is doubtless one reason he was appointed to it. (Senator Proxmire and others will try to make the job subject to confirmation by the Senate.) Yet recent disclosures in *The Washington Post* suggest that, in addition to the Mississippi shipbuilding conflict, there are good reasons for a sweeping inquiry into Ash's background. According to the *Post* story, in the early 1950s the Air Force was unknowingly paying millions of extra dollars to Hughes Aircraft for weapons control systems. The parent Hughes Tool Company was likewise getting "phony" reports from its Hughes Aircraft division. Roy Ash was a principal in the ensuing executive-suite struggle. Ash's principal antagonists were several high-ranking certified public accountants, who finally quit rather than continue working for him and his boss, Charles B. (Tex) Thornton. Later Thornton and Ash left the Hughes empire to found Litton Industries. Although all this took place some twenty years ago, a replay is scheduled for this spring, in a retrial of a libel suit against Thornton and Litton Industries by Noah Dietrich, who for thirty-two years was Howard Hughes's chief executive officer.

The Hughes Aircraft overcharges were settled by repayment to the Navy of $43 million, but not until Thornton had been accused of being responsible for preparation of false affidavits that made the Hughes Aircraft overcharges possible. Ash, according to the *Post* account, was Thornton's man, in charge of all accounting at Hughes Aircraft. Although Ash has a degree from Harvard's School of Business Administration, he is not an accountant. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the matter, Ash's role is one that should be gone into by the Congress. But again, that may be regarded as a moral question.

In the current dispute involving Rule, Admiral Kidd should submit to Congressional questioning, but the Navy has informed Proxmire that it would not be appropriate for Kidd to appear in a public forum while the issues in the Rule case are pending before the CSC. The demotion of Rule and the appointment of Ash are scandals. The President was aware of Ash's record of litigation in procurement for the military services when he appointed him. Now, when all these matters have come out into the open, the executive branch, by one devious means or another, refuses to allow the legislative branch to find the answers to questions which it, and the public, are entitled to know.

Step Right Up, Folks

It is estimated that the second Nixon inaugural will cost $4 million. If that seems a lot of money to provide a man with the occasion to place his hand on the Bible and swear to do right by the Constitution and the people (particularly since we know that, whatever he swears, Mr. Nixon will do exactly what he pleases), it should be added that only $500,000 of the total is slated to come out of public funds. The balance will be raised by J. Willard (Hot Shoppes) Marriott, impresario in chief for the occasion, and thirty-four committees, each of which, says Marriott, will follow "a critical path schedule"—meaning that they are expected to get their jobs done on time.

What this entails is turning Washington on January 20 into a gigantic one-day shopping center. There will be something for every purse and nothing for free (unless you are related by blood or marriage to the President or hold the Congressional Medal of Honor). Mr. Nixon has asked a computer to invite 40,000 guests to the various inaugural balls, but these will have to pay at least $40 for a ticket—$1,000 more for a box, if you

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are a big spender and want to invite seven friends to sit with you in festive splendor. A less expensive way to participate is to fork up $10 and shake hands with Vice President Agnew at an informal reception, but more formal culture will come high: tickets to the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy (the President's favorite long-haired musician) are going at up to $500; a slightly lower scale has been established for a Pop concert, to be M.C.d by Sammy Davis, Jr. (the President's favorite black). Other entertainers in Mr. Nixon's orbit—Bob Hope, Ray Stevens, Lionel Hampton, et al.—will be available in various settings, all with price tags attached.

Seats in the viewing stands along Pennsylvania Avenue will be going for from $20 to $50; hot dogs, peanuts, pennants and buttons may be bought along the line of march from concessionaires who in turn will have bought hawking permits. Then there are souvenirs: a set of red, white and blue license plates (good for the eleven days left in January) may be had for $15, and there will be suitably embossed and engraved china, flat plate and medallions to suit all tastes and budgets. These wares are being plugged in advance on TV by George Allen (the President's favorite football coach), the actors Lloyd Nolan and Cesar Romero, and Hubert H. Humphrey (the President's favorite Democrat, who began life in the patent medicine trade).

Marriott and his associates stress the democratic nature of this inaugural, and in the sense that a supermarket is democratic, they are right. White tie and décolletage will be expected at the major ball and in the presence of Mr. Ormandy, but the Administration is well aware that not all of the President's constituency is comfortable in dress that formal. A dinner jacket will be quite acceptable at the lesser glees and galas. "The President," to quote Mr. Marriott again, "doesn't want this to be a highfalutin' *social* thing."

Does all this seem distasteful? It shouldn't, really. If the American public wants bread and circuses costing $4 million, then the American public should expect to pay. There is, of course, the matter of Hanoi's dead, which, as one of the inaugural arrangers has himself admitted, casts a "pall" over the event; but, as of this writing, the United States is still a free country, and those who feel that the times are not apt for dancing in the streets of Washington are quite free to stay away. They may even join the "inauguration of conscience" which the National Peace Action Coalition and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice are jointly staging on January 20. The demonstration is scheduled to assemble at Arlington National Cemetery; how close its march will get to the Capitol remains to be seen.

No, the objection, as we see it, to this frantic huckstering of grand boxes and hot pizzas, rock singers and silver salvers, is that it overwhelms the living reality of President Nixon, How many of these bankrollers of $4 million will see him place his hand on the Good Book, how many will hear the actual tones of his Inaugural Address (he was at Camp David recently, choosing the speech he would make from several submitted for his approval)? It becomes harder all the time to believe that there really is a Nixon, and of course he encourages the trend by withdrawing from public view and speaking through proxies. In a real sense, it is convenient for him to become an abstraction—does one blame an earthquake for destroying Managua; can one blame a Nixon for destroying Hanoi? We don't know how warmly he has endorsed the razzle-dazzle salesmanship of his final inaugural, but it is in his style—the style of unapproachable demigod, of absentee boss.

Who Holds the Purse?

Rep. Silvio O. Conte (R., Mass.) has introduced legislation to prohibit the Presidential practice of impoundment —that is, the refusal of the President to release funds authorized by the House and Senate. (See "Presidential Power Game: Impounding Congressional Policy," by Sen. Frank Church, *The Nation*, November 22, 1971.) In effect, this practice gives the President what might be called a "selective veto" and largely nullifies Congressional power of the purse. The Conte bill is a fair-minded measure: it does not cut off remonstrance by the President over appropriations that he considers unwise or impracticable. He can send a special message to the Congress specifying the funds he wishes to impound and the Congress can, within sixty days, give him the authority to impound funds for the particular item.

President Nixon is not the first President to impound funds, but he has resorted to the practice on a scale which threatens further to erode the power of the legislative branch. Impoundment and revenue sharing give the Executive a hold on the nation's funds which encroaches on the constitutional powers and responsibilities of the Congress. Senator Mansfield, the Majority Leader, has joined fifteen Senate committee chairmen who have intervened as friends of the court in an action, pending in the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, that is aimed at thwarting the President's announced intention of holding fiscal 1973 spending to $250 billion—still another device by which the Executive seeks to substitute its judgment for that of the Congress. Of course Congress is not wholly guiltless in this area. It often displays greater zest in appropriating funds than in approving new taxes, on the unstated assumption that the President will keep the books in balance by impoundment. But the way to inject a larger measure of Congressional responsibility into fiscal affairs is to restore the power of the purse to the Congress, where it belongs.

An American Tragedy

The sharply etched outlines of the Mark Essex story—its story values—make it a classic American tragedy. This young man who picked off six victims in New Orleans "as if they were rabbits" was not from an urban ghetto or a broken home. He was from William Allen White's Emporia, Kan., population 23,327, of whom only 569 are black. He was born and raised, in a word, in the heartland of America, in a community which, as communities of that size go, was probably more free of racial bias than most. Neighbors, friends, teachers report that he was smiling, friendly, respectful, a young man who was never

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involved in any major trouble. He was also a hard worker: no one needed to exhort him about "the work ethic." He was an average student. A high school guidance counselor reports that "he was never any problem here." A little fellow, he carried a saxophone in the school band. His family—mother, father, two sisters and two brothers—live in a simple, white frame house. The family is known as hard-working, law-abiding, churchgoing, respectable. It is a closely knit family. The father works in a meat-packing plant, the mother counsels pre-schoolers in a Head Start center.

After a couple of starts, young Essex dropped out of college and enlisted in the Navy. He was regarded by his mates and supervisors in the service as "happy-go-lucky," "a darned good sailor," friendly, a hard worker with a high performance rating—up to a point in time when his habitual smile disappeared and he began to be bitter. "Bad companions," some thought. In any case, he became, reports Everett R. Holles from San Diego in *The New York Times,* "less communicative, less cheerful and spent his off-duty time almost entirely with blacks." He was reported absent without leave in 1970 and then, in 1971, halfway through a four-year enlistment, he was given a general discharge "for character and behavior disorders" (in an early issue *The Nation* will carry an article about how the armed services handle discharges and the grievances blacks voice about them). When he returned to Emporia, he was not the same young man who had left to join the Navy. "A changed boy," he told the family pastor that he no longer believed in Christianity because "it is a white man's religion."

A novelist could not concoct a plot with a clearer outline than the facts in the Mark Essex tragedy. "Bad companions" may well have precipitated the sharp change that took place in him. But the world is full of bad companions—no doubt there are a few in Emporia—and the devil is always with us. This tragedy cannot be dismissed or explained in such facile terms. Essex, despite his smiling manner, did not relish the kind of attitudes he encountered in the Navy and in San Diego on shore leave. He was "growing up"—not absurd but angry in a difficult period. He withdrew from college in the fall of 1968—fateful year that came in the wake of the 1967 riots and the assassinations—and enlisted in the Navy. His mother, an articulate and impressive woman, sums up what happened to her son with a clarity and brevity that even a gifted novelist might envy. "Young blacks nowadays are not going to accept what people in my generation accepted. . . . You know, you just keep on putting a little snow up on top of snow and pretty soon it's going to break. Jimmy just wanted to be a man." This "baby-faced" former Cub Scout, this good boy that the neighbors all liked, was transformed into the New Orleans sniper in what may appear to be, but really isn't, an inexplicable process. Of overt prejudice there was not much in Emporia but, on the other hand, it did exist. But the catalyst with Essex is probably to be found precisely in the circumstance that he came from a close family, living in a community and neighborhood relatively free of bias. In consequence he had expectations that were sharply at variance—or seemed to be—with the attitudes he encountered in the Navy, San Diego and in New Orleans. Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said that he who has never hoped can never despair? Mark Essex had hopes, and he had been encouraged to believe that being black was not necessarily a bar to whatever it was he wanted to achieve and be.

The paradox of the Mark Essex story is that the values make it seem too pat. But it isn't. This is an authentic tragedy. In New Orleans, the police would like to believe that a conspiracy existed; they want the FBI to investigate. Essex may well have associated with black militants and there may well have been a second sniper. But Harvey Britton, field director of the NAACP, puts the conspiracy charge in proper perspective. "It has become the tendency of the authorities of the state and city to feel that every time that a black person is involved in some type of activity which disrupts the community that they're engaged in a conspiracy. We have found . . . that there is no basis for this as of now. . . . Black people have been investigated by the federal government for so long, and even when we were slaves; if one or two of them talked they were a conspiracy." The conspiracy talk is a cop-out. If a conspiracy was involved it was the historic conspiracy of the white majority to profess adherence to certain stated ideals but to deny them in practice. In that sense, Essex's victims and his executioners were probably part of the conspiracy.

AID TO BANGLADESH

AMERICA DOES SOMETHING RIGHT

DAVID A. WEISBROD

Mr. Weisbrod has recently returned from an assignment in Dacca as representative of the International Rescue Committee.

No one knows exactly why, but Bangladesh, the world's youngest and eighth most populous nation, is now a leading recipient of American grant assistance. Some $320 million worth of commodities, technical assistance and just plain cash are being given in an unusually open-handed style by a skeleton American aid team, with no repayment or interest requirements.

The effect on U.S.-Bengali relations has been remarkable. In little more than a year, the official Bengali attitude toward the United States has moved from a pre-independence ban on contact with our government representative, to a post-independence series of angry, hostile statements, to the present support of close and fruitful working relations. Although "America Go Home" posters are still plastered outside USIS walls in Dacca

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and shrill stories "exposing" CIA activities occasionally appear in the press, the frequency of these attacks has diminished. On the positive side, favorable coverage is now being given to U.S. assistance projects.

The Prime Minister, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, who was ready to throw the entire U.S. mission out of the country last March because of Washington's delay in extending diplomatic recognition, is now careful not to hurt American sensitivities. One feels that even the student opposition, which contains the most vocal anti-American elements, issues its condemnations less out of belief in their truth than from emotional compulsion to blame *someone* for Bangladesh's continuing problems. "It should have been very difficult for the United States to have any dialogue with Bangladesh," a high-level Bangladesh Government official commented, "but more than dialogue, we now have cozy relations."

And for good reason. American assistance to Bangladesh is being given through a relaxed, innovative approach, and no *quid pro quo* is demanded. The heart of the agreement is a direct grant of $115 million to purchase cotton, pesticides, fertilizer and tallow, and to pay for urgent public works projects ranging from the repair of roads and bridges to the construction of coastal embankments.

Approximately 1 million tons of wheat and rice grain valued at $140 million are being sent under the Food for Peace program (PL 480). This grain, along with that provided by India and other countries, is now being more widely distributed and is heading off serious famine. In addition, a grant of $35 million was made last March to the United Nations relief operation to help meet the cost of transporting foodstuffs, and contributions totaling $20 million have been made so far to ten American relief agencies for housing, health and education projects.

Although larger loan programs exist, few American assistance schemes for peaceful purposes have been extended on the same scale since the days of the Marshall Plan. Theories abound. Some say the Nixon Administration is acting from a sense of guilt after months of resisting the Bengalis' drive for independence. Others insist that the large input represents the best impulses of American charity; a simple humanitarian response to an urgent crisis, a provision of emergency assistance to help head off mass starvation. Those with a geopolitical frame of mind point not only to Russia's designs on the subcontinent but to a supposed U. S. suspicion of India's growing hegemony in the region and a fear that, without help, Bangladesh would soon become a nightmarish cauldron of strife and instability which could bubble over into other parts of Asia where American interests are more important.

Aside from the magnitude of American aid, the terms allow the Bengalis an unusual degree of freedom to decide for themselves just how they want to go about making the purchases and initiating the projects. In Bangladesh, AID for the first time is permitting the recipient country administrative control over the use of grant funds. Within reasonable limits, the Bengalis will be able to direct the purchase of supplies from American companies and will decide which contractors to hire and on what terms.

"In India there was tremendous abuse because of the size of our mission," said an AID official with experience in both India and Bangladesh. "We were contracting, bringing in advisers and experts practically once a month and touting them over to the ministries. In Bangladesh we're doing the exact opposite. We are starting from the premise that we don't have all the answers. We're not going to do the kinds of things the Bengalis should be trying to do for themselves."

Currently, despite the amount of money at stake, AID has only fourteen direct-hire officials, plus fifteen to twenty private contractors in the field, in comparison to the 300 or so Americans who were working on AID projects in pre-independence East Pakistan. Both the Russian and Indian aid missions are larger than the American, even though the United States is providing more assistance than those two countries combined.

AID hopes that a "noninterventionist" low profile will eliminate the kind of advising, suggesting and prodding that created friction in many previous aid programs and helped make bilateral aid a controversial topic in the recipient countries. The exceptionally young AID team in Dacca (the average age is 32) is relatively free of the "arrogance of power" so pervasive among foreign affairs officials in Washington, and is responsive to the Bengalis' suffering.

"The good thing about the aid is the volume and the grant terms," a senior Bengali official commented, "but even better are the procedures. For the first time in my experience an AID operation has been made smooth. You've simplified it, removed the bottlenecks. Normally we'd have to go through complex channels to alter even minor parts of an agreement; now we just ring up on the telephone and they say O.K."

The Bengalis too have yielded on small points such as permitting fertilizer to be shipped in polypropylene as well as jute bags (jute is Bangladesh's chief export). With both sides displaying so much good will, time-consuming liaison between Washington and Dacca has been minimized.

Still, there is reluctance on the part of the Bengalis to be outwardly too friendly. When Sheikh Mujib delivered a speech on December 16, commemorating the first anniversary of Bengali liberation, he thanked India and the Soviet Union for their help during the nine-month struggle for independence, but did not refer to America's assistance in helping the country get back on its feet. The Sheikh evidently feels that, in the hearts of many of his countrymen, last year's bitterness has not faded altogether, and that a demonstration of cordiality toward the United States would almost certainly be used against his party (the Awami League) in the general elections scheduled for March 7.

Political analysts predict sporadic outbursts of anti-Americanism for the weeks before that election, but dismiss their significance as reflex by-products of a heated election mood. Tajuddin Ahmed, Minister of Finance and Planning, and the most outspoken leftist in the cabinet,

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has resumed attacks after several months of silence. In a recent newspaper interview, he accused the United States of "working to use Bangladesh as a pawn of its world politics," and warned that as the United States pulled out of Vietnam, "it would try to expand its claws into Bangladesh."

Whether these remarks are part of an overall Awami League campaign strategy, or merely an example of lack of party discipline, few see a day soon when relations between a country as poor as Bangladesh and one as rich as the United States will assume genuinely deep and warm proportions. "The relationship is almost back to its usually unsatisfactory level," said an American official with years of experience in Dacca, who added that an inevitable decline will take place as the magnitude of U.S. assistance drops.

Bengalis, too, seem to realize that the generous AID package is a one-shot affair intended only to meet the emergency conditions caused by the war. As soon as last year's request for an additional $100 million is channeled through Congress, the extraordinary grant arrangement will end. There are no plans in the next fiscal year for a special appropriation for Bangladesh and future terms will harden into smaller and more traditional loan programs.

Much of the new flexibility, moreover, will be evidenced more in theory than in practice. Although Bangladesh is permitted to procure items in most less-developed countries of the so-called "free world," purchases are still prohibited from Communist countries, Western Europe and Japan. Almost all of the cotton, tallow, pesticide and fertilizer will be obtained in the United States because these commodities are unavailable or more expensive on Third World markets. A good proportion of the project money (for road repairs, coastal embankments, etc.) also will be used to purchase U.S. equipment and supplies and to pay salaries of American contractors. (About $30 million of it will be converted into Bangladesh *takas* to meet local construction costs, with the important stipulation that the Bangladesh Government spend an equivalent amount of dollars on purchases within the United States.) In the end, all except a tiny fraction of the total aid package will eventually find its way back to the United States.

In addition to the expiration of grant terms, another potential source of friction between the United States and Bangladesh is likely to be a reduction in Food for Peace (PL 480) assistance. Bangladesh, a victim of the bad weather that prevailed throughout Asia last year, will probably need to import as much or more grain this year as it did in 1972. Although the food shortfall for 1973 will be in the neighborhood of 2.5 million tons, according to a report by Dennis Chandler, a former director of the International Rice Research Institute, the United States has so far promised only 200,000 tons of wheat, to be shipped between now and the end of June.

Because of the sudden drop in grain reserves and the rapid rise of world demand, the future of the PL 480 program is hanging in the air, and with it the likelihood that Bangladesh will receive sufficient assistance from that source to meet its needs. Since India, which donated 500,000 tons of grain to Bangladesh last year, now faces a major food shortage of its own, Bangladesh will have no alternative but to use a substantial percentage of its foreign currency reserve to make competitive purchases on the world market. Bengali negotiators are currently arranging to buy 400,000 tons of grain (valued at $42 million) from Continental Grain Corporation, the same American supplier that handled the huge Russian purchase. (The Bengali purchase, by the way, is at a higher price than the Russian one and includes 100,000 tons of Pakistani rice, an indication of just how desperate conditions are expected to be.)

At this point, Bangladesh is planning to meet half the 1973 deficit with private purchases and the other half with PL 480 assistance. This would call for a PL 480 input beyond that of last year; there is considerable doubt, however, that so large a quantity will again be available.

"Beyond a point you have to say 'hope for the best,' " a State Department official said. "The U.S. may find itself in a position of not being able to feed all the hungry in the world; it won't even be a matter of public policy decision—there just won't be the food to send."

While others insist America will not let Bangladesh "go down the drain," it is generally acknowledged that the new country will soon have to compete like any other for its share of the aid pie. As public attention to the Bangladesh disaster fades, so will the quantity of American assistance. Furthermore, AID's new low profile, combined with the Congressional restriction limiting U.S. contributions to Bangladesh reconstruction to 40 per cent of total worldwide contributions, almost guarantees a modest U.S. presence.

Nevertheless, the accomplishments so far have been noteworthy. Thanks in good part to American aid: mass famine has at least temporarily been avoided, a stable, democratically inclined regime has successfully taken roots, and an improvement of relations between the people and governments of the United States and Bangladesh has been engendered. Much has been done that Americans should feel proud of.

But in the end the aid question, though important, is marginal. Bangladesh's needs are enormous and will remain so indefinitely into the future. The country is burdened by 80 per cent illiteracy, has a per capita income of less than $80 and is one of the most densely populated nations in the world—without the industrial base required to support itself. By the year 2000 the present population of 80 million is expected to double. To imagine 160 million poverty-ridden people living in an area the size of Wisconsin is to confront a challenge to human survival of unprecedented dimensions.

Tomorrow's difficulties are perceived with such a shudder that differences between optimists and pessimists are barely distinguishable. The pessimists, it is said, describe Bangladesh's future as, "irretrievably bleak"; the optimists are said to describe it as "retrievably bleak." Whatever the outcome, American policy will encounter some challenges in the years ahead. To extend the present generous aid program, while at the same time keeping it simple, direct and flexible, would seem the most hopeful role the United States can play. □

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THE *HUBRIS* OF A PRESIDENT

WILLIAM L. SHIRER
Mr. Shirer, a foreign correspondent in Europe and Asia for two decades, was reporting from Berlin during the time he recalls in the following article. The most celebrated and influential of his many books are Berlin Diary *and* The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.

Though Richard Nixon does not have the dictatorial power of Adolf Hitler—at least, not yet—he has shown in Vietnam that he has the awesome means, unrestrained by any hand, and the disposition to be just as savage in his determination to massacre and destroy the innocent people of any small nation which refuses to bow to his dictates and which is powerless to retaliate.

And apparently the majority of the American people, like the Germans under Hitler, couldn't care less. While Nixon was celebrating the festivities of the Prince of Peace by his reckless, bloody, paranoiac bombing of Hanoi, our God-fearing citizens were preoccupied with the Washington Redskins and the Miami Dolphins fighting their way to the Super Bowl, and seemed unmoved by the barbarism of their President and its horrible consequences for his victims.

I lived through a similar barbarism in Germany, when Hitler unleashed his terror bombing to force certain foreign peoples to do his bidding. I never thought it could happen here at home—even under a Nixon. No one of any consequence in Nazi Germany publicly protested, but at least the Germans had some excuse. To have spoken out might have cost a man his head—or at the very least the horrors of a concentration camp. But no American, watching the results of this President's violence over the Christmas holidays, viewing on his TV tube the shattered hospital in Hanoi, reading in his newpaper of the devastation Nixon was unleashing on the homes and streets of peaceful citizens, could have been restrained by such fears.

Yet, who, at no personal risk, denounced the monstrous crime? Not a single official in government, very few in the Congress, a few from labor and no one from big business, and not one notable churchman, Protestant or Catholic. There was not a peep from the President's friends among the clergy: no sound from the Rev. Billy Graham, the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, or Cardinal Cooke (not even after the Pope had raised his voice against the bombing).

Perhaps this unconcern is due in part to the peculiar luck of Americans. Unlike the inhabitants of every other major country and scores of small ones, we have never been bombed, and hence cannot feel in our own flesh and minds the sufferings of those on whom our President wreaks his vengeance. As one who experienced to some extent in Germany the bombing by the British, and later in England the bombing by the Germans—it was minor, compared to what we have done in Indochina—I rejoiced that Americans had been spared that ordeal.

But no longer. It now occurs to me that, until we go through it ourselves, until our people cower in the shelters of New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and elsewhere while the buildings collapse overhead and burst into flames, and dead bodies hurtle about and, when it is over for the day or the night, emerge in the rubble to find some of their dear ones mangled, their homes gone, their hospitals, churches, schools demolished—only after that gruesome experience will we realize what we are inflicting on the people of Indochina and especially what we did over Christmas week to the common people of Hanoi.

Does one American in 1,000, or in 100,000, realize that, whereas the Germans dropped 80,000 tons of bombs on Britain in more than five years of war (and we thought it was barbaric), *we* dropped *100,000* tons on Indochina in the single month of last November, when Nixon restricted the bombing because of the Paris "peace" talks; and that under Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon we have dropped a total of *7 million* tons of bombs on Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos—vastly more than we and the British let loose on Germany and Japan together in World War II? It was done in the name of "a just peace," of course. Has not Nixon said it dozens of times, his face on the TV screen frozen in unctuousness, as he sent his troops to invade a new country—Cambodia, Laos—or as he ordered his bombers to resume unloading tens of thousands of tons of more lethal bombs on a country which had no Air Force with which to defend itself?

Hitler, a bully also, mouthed the same hypocrisy. As François-Poncet, the French ambassador in Berlin, remarked after the Fuehrer sent his warriors out on the first of his conquests at the very moment when he was showering Europe with a new offer of peace: "Hitler struck his adversary in the face, and then declared: 'I bring you proposals for peace!' "

Is that not what Nixon has done in Vietnam? Where else, since Hitler, has the head of government of a supposedly civilized people declared through a spokesman to his own people (on the eve of an election, to be sure) that "peace is at hand," that 99 per cent of the issues have been negotiated and that only three or four more days of talks are needed to tidy up the agreement, and then (after he is elected) struck the people he has been negotiating with "in good faith" with the most savage bombing in history—and put the blame on them?

I said that after experiencing at first hand the Nazi terror toward others, it never occurred to me that it could happen at home. Has it? To a certain extent? Just a beginning, perhaps? Has Nixon shown that you don't need a totalitarian dictatorship like Hitler's to get by with murder, that you can do it in a democracy as long as the Congress and the people Congress is supposed to represent don't give a damn?

It can be extremely misleading to compare the Nazi regime in Germany with our own situation today. We are not a totalitarian dictatorship. The press, despite the Administration's assaults upon it, is still relatively free. Dissent, despite all the attempts of Nixon and his aides to silence it, is still heard. This article could never have been published under the Fuehrer. Nixon is no Hitler, though with his Christmas bombing he acted like one. The Americans could have thrown him out of office in November. The

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Germans, after the death of President Hindenburg in 1934, were stuck with Hitler. They had had a parliament, the Reichstag, which, if its members had showed any guts or wisdom, might have restrained him or even overthrown him in his first months of power in 1933, before he tricked it into committing suicide. We have an elected Congress, which had the constitutional power to prevent our Presidents from taking the nation into war in Vietnam and the power to take it out quickly. It abdicated that power. Like the Reichstag, its members were partly tricked (by such things as the Tonkin Gulf frame-up and other Presidential deceits) and like the German parliament its members have thus far lacked the guts or the wisdom to exercise the power the Constitution gave them.

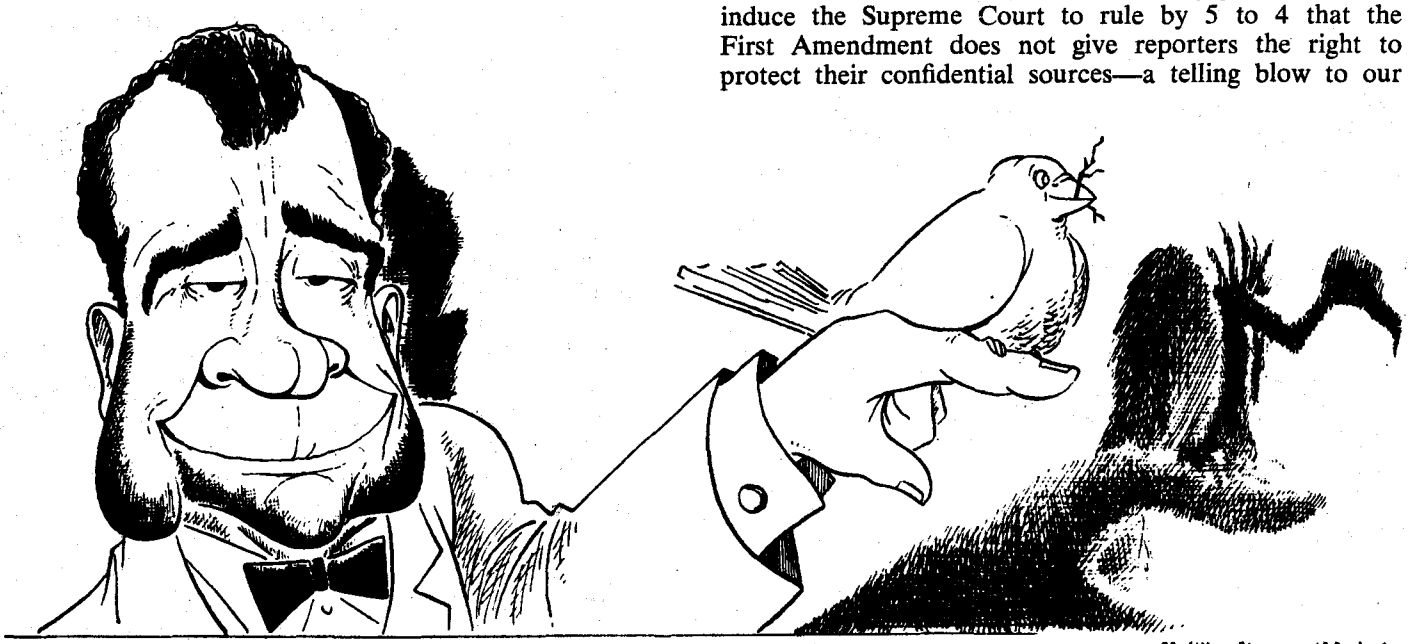
Here begin the similarities. Are there others? One, I think, is in the attitude of Nixon toward the people. "The average American," he told a Washington *Star* reporter on the eve of his re-election, "is just like the child in the family." The implication was that the average citizen could easily be manipulated by Papa. It is, of course, a form of contempt for the common people. Disraeli, to whom Nixon compared himself in the same interview, had it, but surely the great Presidents—Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, even Eisenhower—did not. Hitler, for all his professed love of the German people and his attempt to make of them the Master Race, had a profound contempt for them. He thought they were simpletons, at least politically—you could do anything with them. He called them, as Trevor-Roper has pointed out, *Dickshaedel, Querschaedel, Dummkoepfe*—blockheads and ninnies without political sense. But he would add: "Even stupid races can accomplish something, given good leadership." Once at a Nuremberg party rally, when asked to explain why the German masses became so delirious at these pageants, especially when he spoke, Hitler told a group of American correspondents—off the record—in words almost identical to Nixon's, that it was because they were children at heart. "What luck for rulers," he exclaimed on another occasion, "that men do not think!"

And in these days I cannot help recalling an opinion vouched by one of Hitler's woman secretaries after his death. "Though Hitler," she recalled, "ranged over almost every field of thought, I nevertheless felt that something was missing. . . . It seems to me that his spate of words lacked the human note, the spiritual quality of a cultivated man. In his library he had no classic work, no single book on which the human spirit had left its trace."

There were other things in Nazi Germany which recent happenings in this country have forced me, at least, to recall:

(*1*) *Justice and the courts.* One day in 1936 Hans Frank, the Nazi Minister of Justice (who was later sentenced to death at Nuremberg and hanged), called in the members of the bench and gave them a little advice: "Say to yourself at every decision that you make: 'How would the Fuehrer decide in my place?' " One wonders sometimes—I mean no disrespect to our judges—if some of the eminent jurists appointed by the President, especially those on the Supreme Court, do not at the moment of decision say to themselves: "How would President Nixon decide in my place?" Nixon's Front Four on the High Court, Burger, Blackmun, Rehnquist and Powell—joined often by "Whizzer" White, Kennedy's only contribution to that bench—have shown a teamwork that must be the envy of Coach Allen's fearsome Front Four, and they have used it increasingly to limit freedoms supposedly guaranteed by the First Amendment, to take but one example. In doing so they cannot have failed to please Nixon. Did he not boast that he appointed only those who shared his philosophy? Most other Presidents have been proud of trying to keep a balance on the Court.

(*2*) *Assaults on the freedom of the press, First Amendment guarantees, dissent.* Obviously we have not fallen as far as Nazi Germany, but are we not on our way? Have not Nixon and his minions carried on for four years an assault on our press freedoms and on the right to dissent—and not without success? They have intimidated the networks, threatened TV station owners with loss of their licenses if they do not, in effect, censor network news critical of the Administration, and successfully gone to court to induce the Supreme Court to rule by 5 to 4 that the First Amendment does not give reporters the right to protect their confidential sources—a telling blow to our



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press freedoms. On the other hand, the Administration, by propaganda, deceit, evasion, playing favorites, and by expert use of the power of the White House to make news and control it, has done very well in putting its own story over in the press. But this has not satisfied Nixon.

I sometimes wonder if he, and Klein, would envy the way the press was handled in Berlin in the days when I was working there. Every morning the editors of the capital's newspapers and the correspondents of out-of-town German journals were made to assemble at the Propaganda Ministry and told by Goebbels or one of his aides what news to print and what to suppress, how to write the news and headline it, and what editorials were to be written that day. To avoid any misunderstanding, a daily written Directive was furnished at the end of the oral instructions. For smaller provincial papers and periodicals without representatives in Berlin, Directives were sent by wire or mail. Radio (there was no TV then) was handled separately but similarly. Every editor, reporter, newscaster and commentator knew each day exactly what to write or say, and did it. Very simple and effective. Nixon's task obviously is more difficult, but he keeps plugging. As one of our great historians, Henry Steele Commager, wrote recently: "Never before in our history . . . has government so audaciously violated the spirit of the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press."

(3) Terror bombing, "targeting military objectives only," and the lies about them. Here we come closer to the Nazi example. Hitler invented terror bombing (unless you count Mussolini's puny effort in Ethiopia), starting with Guernica in Spain and going on to Warsaw, Rotterdam and Coventry. Nixon has been an apt pupil, increasing the terror by more and bigger bombs, but sticking to the same lies about "targeting military objectives" and the same denials of damage to nonmilitary objectives. Nixon's aides, Ronald Ziegler at the White House and Jerry Friedheim at the Pentagon, seem more adept at this business than even Joseph Goebbels. More adept and just as arrogant.

Ziegler, speaking for Nixon, offered two justifications for the Christmas resumption of the bombing—both offensive to the truth and to an American's intelligence. First, he linked the bombing to the threat of another Communist offensive: "We are not going to allow the peace talks to be used as a cover for another offensive." But he offered no evidence of an offensive, and the American Command in Saigon admitted it knew of none pending, nor did anyone in Washington. Next, Ziegler, speaking for his silent boss, declared that Nixon was "determined" to continue his bombing until Hanoi decided to resume negotiations "in a spirit of good will and in a constructive attitude." In the Hitler-Nixon double-talk that meant, "until Hanoi agrees to accept a peace that we dictate."

Jerry Friedheim at the Pentagon was worse—he was pure Goebbels. Twice, on December 27 and 29, he denied that we had damaged Hanoi's Bach Mai Hospital and attributed the reports to "enemy propaganda." The effrontery of this staggered a man who had listened to Goebbels' lies time after time. That was because, two days before the first denial, Telford Taylor, a distinguished lawyer, a retired brigadier general and our chief prosecutor at Nuremberg, had cabled *The New York Times* from Hanoi an eyewitness description of the bombed-out hospital. Moreover, millions of Americans had seen on TV Japanese and Swedish films of the hospital's devastation. Even when Friedheim finally admitted, on January 2, that "some limited accidental damage" had been done to the hospital, he suggested that it might have been caused by "North Vietnamese ordnance or aircraft."

I say Friedheim was pure Goebbels (and like him probably lying at the master's orders) because, after a German submarine had torpedoed the British liner *Athenia* on the first day of War World II, I heard Goebbels, first at a press conference and then over the air, deny categorically that the Germans had sunk the boat and then accuse the British of having done it. I will pass over Friedheim's bland assertion that if an American POW camp had been hit, as reported, Hanoi would be held responsible—"under the Geneva Convention." But it did remind me of Hitler's declaration on the mornings he attacked Norway, and later Holland and Belgium, that if they resisted they would be held responsible for the bloodshed. After Friedheim's performance, according to *The New York Times* of January 5, he was awarded the Defense Department Medal for Distinguished Public Service, with the citation: "He has provided with faultless professionalism clear, concise, accurate and timely information concerning the worldwide activities of the Department of Defense."

Did the President become enraged when Henry Kissinger returned from Paris without the agreement he had demanded and in his fury ("You can't do that to Richard Nixon!") order the resumption of the murderous bombing —Christmas or no? We do not know for sure, and probably never will, though Washington seethed with rumors, unconfirmed, that such was the case. Perhaps "high-ranking U.S. officials in Saigon," as an A.P. dispatch called them, were, for once, telling the truth when they said, according to the news agency, that "the ultimate purpose of the bombing was to punish Hanoi," and that "President Thieu had been told that President Nixon's strategy is to devastate North Vietnam."

It recalled a scene, which *was* confirmed, on the night of March 26, 1941, when news reached Hitler that the pro-Nazi government of Yugoslavia had been toppled and replaced by one that might not do the Fuehrer's bidding. The news, according to some of those present in the chancellery, threw Hitler into one of the wildest rages of his life. He took it, they said, as a personal affront—you couldn't do that to Hitler. He called in his generals and ordered them "to destroy Yugoslavia militarily and as a nation"—a stenographer noted down his words. "Yugoslavia," he added, "would be crushed with unmerciful harshness." He ordered Goering to "destroy Belgrade in attacks by waves" of bombers. That was done; the town was razed. Like large parts of Hanoi these past days.

It could have been, of course, that Nixon made his Yuletide decision to devastate Hanoi in a completely different mood—in a moment of icy calculation. Hitler was in that kind of mood on September 29, 1941 as his armies neared Moscow and Leningrad. His Directive to his army commanders that day began: "The Fuehrer has decided to have Leningrad wiped off the face of the earth. The intention is to raze it to the ground by artillery and continuous air attack. The problem of survival of the popu-

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lation (3 million) is one which cannot and should not be solved by us." He issued a second Directive to the same effect for Moscow. Is it possible that Nixon issued a similar Directive for Hanoi in the same cold-blooded mood? The A.P. report from Saigon indicates the possibility.

(4) Hitler got by with murder because there was no restraining hand upon him—from any source. Did any hand in Washington try to restrain Nixon when he ordered the invasion of Cambodia and Laos, and especially when he ordered the devastating Christmas bombing of Hanoi? We do not know. But we know he did not consult the Congress. He did not confide in it or in the people.

Perhaps we are experiencing here what the Greeks called *hubris,* the sin of overweening pride. It has brought the downfall of so many conquerors—of the Greeks themselves, the Romans, the French under Napoleon, the Germans under Wilhelm II and then Hitler. And we are seeing in Washington what I saw in Berlin in the Nazi time—how power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely. □

WHY A BICENTENNIAL?

The Fife and Drum of Big Business

WILLIAM RANDEL

Mr. Randel, who teaches comparative literature at the University of Maine, is the author of Edward Eggleston: Author of The Hoosier School-Master *(King's Crown Press),* The Ku Klux Klan *and* Centennial: American Life in 1876 *(both Chilton books). His* American Revolution: Mirror of a People *is being completed for publication by Rutledge Books.*

It is just before noon on the Fourth of July. The exuberant crowd, jamming every inch of space in front of Independence Hall, settles into awed silence at the first stroke of the old cracked bell. Then, with perfect timing, come twelve more strokes, the last at exactly noon, and a great roar wells up. The golden moment has come and passed, opening a second century of independence.

That's how it was in 1876, at the Centennial, and how it's likely to be—and should be—in 1976, except that the audience will include as many millions as are watching television. Hundredth anniversaries are special occasions with an almost mystic significance, prompting suspension, for the moment, of all that divides us. For whatever else the Bicentennial may mean, in a nation so dynamic and so diverse, we shall commemorate in 1976, on the Fourth of July, the gesture that converted everyone in the thirteen colonies from subjects of George III to politically independent Americans.

Whether the euphoria of the golden moment lasts more than one day, if it lasts that long, will depend on how we plan the celebration and what else occurs in 1976 to divert attention. Early in 1876, to cite the only comparable occasion, the exposure of gross corruption among members of Grant's Cabinet dismayed all thoughtful citizens, and in November the disputed (or stolen) election plunged the nation into shame. Few years in our history ever began with such high hopes and ended in such gloom. We are less naive today, less subject to shock, but there are growing signs of dissatisfaction with the way the Bicentennial is being planned. The meaning of the Revolution is in grave danger of being subverted by the agency charged with the planning, the ARBC—American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. The patriotic impulse, if we aren't on our guard, is likely to be exploited for partisan advantage and commercial profit.

In and out of Congress, sharp criticism is being expressed. The most colorful example appeared in the *Saturday Review* for July 1, 1972: "Bicentennial planning is in the charge of men who undoubtedly would have been Tories 200 years ago." That is not quite accurate, if we recall the harassment visited on Loyalists in the 1770s, not unlike the persecution of Germans in World War I and of Nisei in World War II. But there is general agreement among observers that the commission, or rather its executive committee and its appointed staff, represents a big-business interest that is more intent on producing profits than exalting national ideals—and, some add, almost blatantly determined to enhance Republican hopes for continuing in power. It is reassuring that Jack I. LeVant was dismissed as director of ARBC after he had written a memo suggesting that the occasion "could be the greatest opportunity Nixon, the party and the government" had for unifying the nation and the world; but the executive leaders still operate in secret sessions and submit to the full commission, which has forty-nine members, only unimportant matters to discuss and decide. How to celebrate the Bicentennial is a project calling for complete public knowledge, but the group in control of the planning sees fit to hide its deliberations by stamping them "Top Secret." Some members of the commission have protested; a few have resigned.

Eugene L. Meyer, in *The Washington Post* of August 14, 1972, noted "the predominantly white, middle-aged, and corporate membership of the Nixon Bicentennial Commission." It is reasonable to attach Nixon's name to the ARBC because he replaced most of the original commission after he took office. Various organized groups with token representation on the commission, or none at all, have demanded a hearing; but except for conferences at which they have presented their views very little has been changed. Corporations, in contrast, have been actively encouraged to submit proposals for this people's celebration—a hardly surprising bias, considering that the commission chairman, David Mahoney, is president of Norton Simon Industries, a conglomerate that comprises Canada Dry, and grocery store lines, including Hunt and Wesson. His notion of how to involve "as many Americans as possible in a meaningful observance" was

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to invite the presidents and chairmen of twenty major corporations to a dinner at Blair House.

No less disturbing than the commercialism is the apparent inability of the commission leadership to understand the Revolution. Left to their own resources, the American people could be depended on to develop their own means of celebrating. They would probably not all agree on what the Revolution meant and still means, but disagreement, for so diverse a people, would be more genuine than anything foisted upon them by a commission motivated by profits and partisan advantage. Among the most encouraging signs is a bulletin sent out by the Future Homemakers of America to each of its fifty state advisers, proposing for its Bicentennial project a four-year drive "to pull down the barriers between ethnic and socioeconomic groups, to clean up our environment, to promote equal opportunities and education for all and to work toward peace between men."

This FHA announcement is a far cry from a memo written by one of the official state commissions: "The American Revolution Bicentennial Commission of California cautions the national Commission that the American Revolution was not a 'revolution.' The purpose of America's war with Britain was to gain independence." George Orwell would have applauded such verbal juggling. Worlds apart as these two statements are, they at least reflect some attempt to define the Revolution, as the ARBC has done only in vague abstractions.

What *was* the Revolution, anyway, and why the Bicentennial? Highly regarded historians accept the opinion of John Adams, in his old age, that the Revolution was complete before the fighting began. He was there; he should have known. By this reasoning the Declaration of Independence did not convert colonial subjects into Americans but was rather an *ex post facto* confirmation of that conversion, and also a declaration of war giving formal recognition to the fighting that had begun more than a year before. In its defiance of George III and its recital of his (or Parliament's) repressive measures, the Declaration lost its specific relevance once the war was over; but as a popular expression of resistance to arbitrary government it had and still has a symbolic value that warrants celebration on each anniversary, and a particular celebration each hundredth year. If Americans are still wary of arbitrary rule and eager to preserve their freedom, they should not need prompting by their government. The sizable element today that is uneasy about the current trend toward centralized power might with good logic reject *any* governmental participation, let alone leadership, in a commemoration of an anti-Establishment gesture. Willingness to accept the creation of the ARBC, and to wait until it acts, may reflect the dangerous national habit of depending on Washington.

Another interpretation of the Revolution is that it inaugurated a continuous revolution against special privilege and traditional inequality. Viewed in this way, our entire history as a united people is a drive toward ideal democracy, a drive sometimes torpid, at other times electrifying. Milestones along this route include the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863; the Nineteenth Amendment ratified in 1920, giving women the right to vote; *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954; and the Twenty-fourth Amendment (1964), removing the poll tax requirement for voting in national elections. Senator Mathias, one of the original proponents of Congressional support for the Bicentennial, criticized the ARBC in December 1971, for gross failure to provide "an overall program" and for subverting President Nixon's emphasis on improving the quality of life as "the funda-

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mental observance of the continuing revolution that is the United States of America." That is Nixon at his best. Few individuals, however convinced that we are committed to a continuing revolution, have ever stated so boldly that it *is* the United States of America.

But Nixon, like Grant a century before him, often seems incapable of selecting lieutenants who share his best vision. Some members of the ARBC are above reproach, but the "inner circle" shows little interest in the continuing revolution and much more in exploiting patriotism for partisan and commercial advantage.

Gold and silver chess sets with pieces symbolic of the Revolution, silver-plated spoons and Wedgwood plates with seals of the thirteen original states, and "Brown Bess Muskets" in a limited edition of 511, are currently being advertised by private concerns. Apart from their exploitation of the Bicentennial theme, however, none of these has drawn the angry denunciation of the "Great Silver Sale" conducted by the government itself for disposing of the uncirculated Carson City silver dollars; they are offered on a bid basis, with the minimum bid set at $30. The 40 million fliers distributed through post offices bear the President's endorsement: "As we approach America's Bicentennial, this historic silver dollar is one of the most valued reminders of our national heritage." The link between these dollars, minted in 1882-84, and the Revolution is somewhat tenuous. The flier also asserts that these coins are "excellent for investments," the kind of come-on strictly forbidden by the SEC. "Huckster advertising," one critic has insisted.

ARBC projects, in their development stages at least, are more difficult to identify; but those that have been stripped of their secrecy have prompted the executive secretary of the American Historical Association to observe, "Almost everything that has been done so far has not been intellectually respectable." One disgruntled member of the ARBC used blunter language, when he learned that the commission had officially approved a "Rainbow Center" at Niagara Falls, replete with a 400-room convention hotel and a retail plaza of 450,000 square feet: "I looked at it with a magnifying glass; I couldn't find a speck of Bicentennial" in the plan. Chairman Mahoney may never have acknowledged explicitly his devotion to commercialism, but his priorities are implicit in one statement he has made: "The commission is *not* an action group to carry out projects of ecological improvements. The commission is *not* an agency to find a cure for cancer or heart ailments. The commission is *not* an agency for social action, civil rights or public welfare."

Groups organized to counter the ARBC program or to pressure the commission into recognizing their concerns—youth, women, minorities—do not enjoy the support of Congressional appropriations; they also lack the official status of the fifty state commissions, which are given varying allotments from the ARBC to distribute to communities and local organizations, such as historical societies, that submit acceptable plans. Local ingenuity and aggressiveness may produce a variety of interesting projects, but the news releases inviting applications for grants-in-aid offer no criteria of what might be acceptable. The limited funds available to the state commissions may be used only for planning; the major costs must be borne by the celebrating groups, with some sharing, perhaps, by generous state legislatures.

Since the commonest notion of the Revolution equates it with the War of Independence, commissions in the thirteen original states will be tempted to make this their central theme for the Bicentennial. Military pageants and re-enactment of famous battles could easily serve to strengthen our militaristic tradition. The Army has already moved in this direction with a full-page bid for enlistment in the Old Guard (3rd Regiment) that looks like a news story, with a dateline (but no date) and a dozen pictures, mostly by Army photographers. The headline reads: "Old Guard Hosts Fife and Drum Corps Muster: A Prelude to the Bicentennial." If this *is* a prelude, rival interpretations of the Revolution won't have much chance.

Spontaneous, grass-roots celebrations may develop, even if ARBC or state commission funds are not furnished. But if rejection of applications produces frustration and jealousy, it will be minor compared with the nationwide disillusion that is predictable if the ARBC is permitted to continue its wheeler-dealer practices. Casualties will include highly respectable cooperating groups, such as the National Trust for Historical Preservation, which will emerge with their prestige tarnished, victims of guilt by association. Disadvantaged minorities will almost certainly be more bitter than ever before toward a government that gives lip service, at the very top level, to the "continuing revolution" but betrays it with projects patently partisan or geared to profit.

The Bicentennial year is almost upon us. It may be too late to redirect our national effort; even the planning for a town bicentennial requires several years. But there *is* time, if our representatives in Congress will have the courage and wisdom to act. The vital first step is to discharge the ARBC and cut off all appropriations for its use.* The more difficult further steps, which would regain for Congress the lasting gratitude of the American people—all of us, that is, who do not stand to profit from the commercial exploitation—would be the formulation and passing of landmark legislation in the area of human rights. Our Senators and Congressmen are not incompetent; they are well aware of what the greatest needs are; and they alone have the means of making the Bicentennial a success.

Our forebears in the 1770s, the first generation aware of being Americans, saw what needed to be done, and did it: they shook off dependence on Great Britain, and established our independence. A comparable great step in 1976, in the direction of freedom and justice for all, would rekindle faith in our government and spark a year of celebration that would need no commission to plan and manipulate. As things *now* stand, there is solid reason to ask, "Why a Bicentennial?" If the Congress can rise to this challenge, the answer will become clear. □

*Last summer, Emmanuel Celler, then chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, was moved by growing criticism of Bicentennial plans, to order the committee staff to prepare a report on the ARBC. That report, just made public, advises that the panel for the Bicentennial should get money in February for the rest of the fiscal year, but that funds should then be cut off unless the ARBC is radically reorganized. *The Editors*

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PRIVATE GROUPS vs. SOCIAL JUSTICE

THE FREEDOM TO BE BAD

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Shall a purely social club be permitted to restrict its membership to whites only, or to blacks only? What if such a club enjoys tax benefits? Shall a club restricted to Polish-Americans be granted a liquor license? May the Harvard Club restrict the use of some of its facilities to men only? Cultural pluralism and heterogeneity on one side, egalitarian justice on the other—in this tension is the dialectic of American society now manifest. To achieve reasonable synthesis, what principles should guide us?

See the moral dilemma. On the one hand, we cherish the right to assemble with whom we please, for the mutual pursuit of such lawful purposes as may interest us. We are free to choose our own associates and our own objectives—charitable, recreational, religious, whatever. Within reasonable limits, we need not answer to anyone, in or out of government, for the worth or character of our private business, jointly pursued. If a just and representative government is the warp of a good society, real freedom of private action, individually and in groups, is its woof. This far, the libertarian side.

On the other hand, we cherish the right of all to equal treatment. Irrelevant considerations of race, religion, sex, national origin, or any other must certainly not be allowed to interfere with the universal right to participate effectively in the life of the community, or in the allocation of educational opportunities, or in the distribution of any goods which, in principle, are offered or guaranteed to citizens generally. This far, the egalitarian side.

Concretely, then, how far into the private activities of voluntary associations should the legal protection of equal treatment reach? Respecting admission to schools, or the rental of privately owned but publicly offered housing, the question is not very difficult. The hard cases arise in the sphere of private, voluntary associations, with special functions, whose activities are neither official nor public, yet which play a consequential role in the community.

Actual cases get very sticky, and now reach the courts with some frequency. But judges, no less than the rest of us, need general principles to resolve conflicts equitably, and none thus far developed adequately serve the serious and competing social interests. Single-minded appeals—either to equality or to freedom—are sure to yield results both distorted and painful.

I propose to bring some order to these complicated matters, first by identifying the kinds of questions that need to be asked; second, by identifying the categories needed to give the answers; and third, by formulating some general principles for the guidance of action.

Questions of two very different kinds need to be asked about any particular case in controversy. The first concerns the kind and degree of *support by the government* given to a private association, and the consequent right of that government to impose standards regarding membership policies and the like. Direct government subsidies, for example, may be made contingent upon meeting such standards. But other so-called benefits—corporate charters, liquor licenses, the use of public parks and buildings, tax-exemption of income, and tax-deductibility of gifts, raise close yet important questions.

A second set of questions looks not to the kind or degree of government support, but to the *nature of the private association* itself. Private associations differ greatly in kind and function, and these differences bear directly upon the right of such associations to discriminate on the basis of race, religion, etc., in their internal business.

I deal first with the somewhat easier issues of the latter sort, where what is chiefly needed is a fine taxonomy of private associations. I offer only a rough taxonomy, distinguishing seven categories in three groups; but the distinctions here are central, I suggest, in deciding whether particular cases of discrimination are the community's business. And I offer some conclusions based on the distinctions drawn.

Group A comprises those private associations which:

(1) Offer goods or services to the public at large—e.g., hotels and retail stores, barbers and automobile clubs.

(2) Offer no service to the public at large, but perform some official or quasi-official functions in the public interest—e.g., medical and bar associations, real estate boards and athletic associations—which set standards or control opportunities in business, or recreation, or the professions.

(3) Offer no general public service, and have no quasi-official function, but operate in fact as a place of public accommodation—e.g., a fraternal order in whose clubhouse public dances are commonly held, or a club adjoining city hall in which, informally, much public business is transacted.

Private organizations in these first three categories present few serious theoretical problems. Racial, religious, or sexual discrimination is obviously not relevant to the public or quasi-public functions that are really being served by such organizations, and must therefore not be permitted to interfere with the just fulfillment of those functions. Of course, deciding whether a given club or organization is *in fact* serving an important public function through its membership or within its precincts may sometimes prove difficult. Still, that determination can be made.

Much harder to deal with are private associations in Group B, being those which:

(4) Serve genuinely recreational purposes—e.g., private hunting lodges, swimming clubs, or bowling leagues.

(5) Are based on special avocational or intellectual interests—e.g., stamp clubs, debating societies, or the local historical association.

(6) Are purely social, forming wholly around the personal attraction of the members for one another.

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Recreational or intellectual activities (categories *4* and *5*) sometimes rely upon facilities that are unique in the community—its only lake, or its historical archives. Because all citizens, regardless of race, religion, sex, etc., are entitled to the enjoyment of such community assets, all citizens (with appropriate avocational qualifications) have an equal claim to membership in organizations which control the use of such facilities. Barring circumstances of that sort, I hold that in all of Group B, discrimination in membership or participation on grounds of race, religion, sex, etc., even where we may think it highly objectionable on moral grounds, ought not to be prohibited by law. The freedom to assemble or associate must not be conditioned upon its use in certain approved ways. As in the case of free speech we do not ask what will be said to determine whether it may be said, so with freedom of association, we ought not, as a community, to ask first with whom the association will be to determine whether the association may be formed or allowed to continue. If that freedom is contingent upon its being exercised in certain approved ways, no *right* of free association remains; what is left is a privilege for only those who act in ways the authorities deem acceptable. Whether the supervision by those authorities should prove (in substance) honorable or despicable, the mere exercise of such supervision must damage the freedom of that community.

Group C comprises all those private associations which: *(7)* Are based openly upon special religious or ethnic affiliations—e.g., Afro-American clubs, or Catholic confraternities. Here discrimination is relevant to an honorable social function and ought to be cultivated rather than despised. Cultural diversity is a contribution to American life greatly undervalued, in my view. Lip service to it, of course, is not in short supply. But real pluralism, preserving genuine differences of language and custom, embodied in games and feasts and rituals—and most of all in a feeling of identified belonging—can thrive only when supported concretely by organizations. Such organizations—together with the principles of exclusion they entail—must therefore be protected, even if that protection carries with it the equal protection of evil men in their private exercise of irrational prejudice. Where freedom is real it is enjoyed by all members of the community, including the nasty ones.

Questions of the first general kind mentioned above concern the support or assistance given by the government to any private organization whose policies are in question. What benefits, direct or indirect, have been received from the community at large? And what rights of inspection and supervision of membership policy do the varieties of governmental assistance justify? Here matters become quite intricate.

In the tangle of real community life virtually all private associations receive some variety of support from the government—most of it not in the form of direct subsidy. Tentatively, and by no means exhaustively, I distinguish seven categories of government assistance which have been held by some to justify the legal prohibition of discrimination. Among these are the most difficult cases: *(1)* outright subsidy; *(2)* essential services—fire and police protection, etc. *(3)* incorporation; *(4)* liquor licenses; *(5)* the use of public facilities—parks, streets, meeting halls, etc.; *(6)* tax-exemption of income; *(7)* tax-deductibility of gifts.

Using these categories I shall put forward a set of principles that answer partially the questions raised above. Some of my conclusions require a more detailed justification than I give here; and some borderline cases will remain puzzling whatever the set of principles defended; but a little progress is better than none.

(1) Outright subsidy, the extreme case, is easy. If the community offers grants from the public treasury to a private organization—a school, or an orchestra, etc.—it may surely do so upon the condition that public policy not be flouted in the use of those grants.

(2) Essential services—fire protection, health inspection, etc.—are not provided to private organizations as special benefits, but in the interests of all. The well-being of the entire community is protected by such services. The membership policies of private groups, therefore, cannot justify the withdrawal of such services.

(3) A corporate charter, although not essential in the way that fire and police protection are, is vital to many associations. Some argue, therefore, that such charters give a kind of state authorization, and (moreover) bring the financial advantage of limited liability, and that the grant of a charter is thus a benefit properly withheld from organizations that discriminate. This argument is mistaken; it misapprehends the basic function of the charter. The "authorization" that a corporate charter provides is no more than the concrete realization of the right to association and assembly; it is the practical condition of the exercise of that right. Nor does any special advantage accrue, for there is no limit to the number of corporate charters a state can grant, and such charters are available to all, individuals as well as groups, on an equal basis. No approval or inspection of membership policy by government ought to be involved in the matter of incorporation.

(4) Liquor licenses are more problematic. There is, first of all, obscurity and uncertainty regarding the justification of state licensing in general, and of state liquor licensing in particular. These matters cannot be entered here; but I underscore the assumption, rarely questioned, that the health and safety of the community require restrictions upon place, time and manner of liquor sales.

The number of available liquor licenses being now sharply limited, the award of such a license to sell to the public is clearly a financial benefit not available to all. A private club that really functions as a public tavern, and benefits financially thereby, may rightly have its liquor license conditioned upon nondiscriminatory service. That, in effect, has been the recent holding of the Supreme Court. But where a club license serves merely to insure that alcohol consumption by members, in their own clubhouse, goes on within regulations laid down by the state for all such consumption, its award is not basically a financial issue. Community health and safety may be involved, but special benefits are not in question. I conclude that, in applications for such a license, the conduct and opinions of the applicants in matters not relating to the health issues which justify the licensing should not even enter consideration.

(5) The use of the streets, public parks, meeting halls

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and the like, must not be selectively withdrawn from any persons or groups. Conditions for the use of such facilities may be reasonably formulated, of course, but they must be conditions which bear only upon the forms of use intended (noise level permitted, size of audience expected, whether the activity be suitable for the facility, etc.) and upon the fair distribution of the opportunity to use those facilities (rotation of users, or first-come-first-served, etc.). To require that groups holding public meetings, parades, demonstrations, etc., adopt some government-approved membership policies in order to receive permission for the use of such facilities, is to vitiate the right of free assembly. If public facilities are for all, they are for bad guys as well as good guys—supposing we could tell them apart.

Since the use of public facilities, on the same basis for all, is the essential practical foundation of the right of free association and assembly, it must not be withdrawn, however much we may despise the views of those assembled. Government approval of our objectives must not become a condition of their effective joint pursuit—precisely because government itself is often the target at which citizens are obliged to direct their attack. We must not be lured into granting supervisory powers whose exercise may ultimately prove disastrous. Real freedom does not wax or wane with the (alleged) morality of those exercising that freedom, singly or collectively. I conclude that the use of the parks, or the rental of public halls, etc., ought not to be refused to organizations whose membership policies are discriminatory, even invidiously so. Such organizations should be given no special support; but they lose no rights to assemble because the majority think them pernicious.

A cautionary note. Discriminatory membership policies should not disqualify organizations from the use of public facilities, but under some circumstances the actual use of those facilities must not be discriminatory. For example, at any meeting to which the general public is invited (e.g., candidates' night at a public school, or a lecture in a park) or to which tickets are publicly sold, admission must not be exclusionary whoever may be the sponsor, or whatever the views espoused by that sponsor. Public places and public facilities must be open to the use of all on the same terms.

(6) and *(7)* Tax benefits are very consequential, and very complicated. I address here two issues only within this muddy area: First, what are the differing controversial forms of tax relief for private organizations? Second, which of these forms of tax relief may properly be withdrawn if the organization is proved to employ discriminatory policies in membership or function?

It must be seen that the benefit of tax-*deductibility* for gifts received, and the benefit of tax-*exemption* of income are importantly different both in theory and result. Permitting any donor to deduct from his income, for purposes of tax computation, gifts made to a private organization, is a deliberate instrument of public policy. Philanthropic activity of certain kinds is strongly encouraged thereby—either because the recipients are considered intrinsically worthy of support (e.g., the Boy Scouts, the YMCA), or because the recipients satisfy public needs that would have to be shouldered by the community to the degree that they were not met privately (e.g., sectarian old-age homes; private medical research; private disaster relief, etc.). Governments do not authorize the tax-deductibility of contributions to any cause an individual taxpayer happens to think worthy; quite otherwise, contributions are deductible only when made to organizations of clearly identified kinds, meeting carefully laid down requirements, and only after being specifically cleared for such deductibility. Tax-deductibility for gifts unavoidably involves a government stamp of approval. It is therefore reasonable for the government to demand that the recipient of the deductible gift comply with current standards of nondiscrimination.

That argument does not apply to tax-exemption. The dues income of nonprofit associations—chess clubs, for example, or country clubs—is exempt from taxation for quite different reasons. Here individuals come together to pursue jointly objectives that would be impossible or inconvenient to pursue singly. Income from dues (I emphasize this restriction) flows from the members themselves, is used by them for themselves, with any residues belonging still to them alone. Income of the form normally subjected to taxation has not been generated in such a nonprofit group. Money has been shifted from the individual to the collective pocket—but the same people are wearing the pants. The tax-exemption of such income is not a special benefit; those who suppose that it is assume that if the exemption had not been granted moneys would be in the public treasury which are not now there. In fact, there would be virtually no such moneys, because most such organizations simply would not exist if so taxed. And even if they could survive taxation (which the worthiest among them could not) the general right to associate is seriously damaged if we tax the joint pursuit of an activity that would be untaxed if pursued singly.

It is important to realize that (unlike the case of deductibility) no process of approval or inspection is called for in granting such tax-exemption to private nonprofit groups. That exemption is awarded simply as a recognition of the right of citizens to band together for the pursuit of their common ends, without penalty. The claim that discriminatory membership policies, or other unacceptable policies, justifies the withdrawal of tax-exemption, necessarily introduces government judgments on private conduct which, properly, have nothing to do with the right of citizens to associate and organize.

The merest introduction of such questions is a serious danger, in view of the constant supervision of private activities by government agents that the need for official approval would necessarily ordain. Much private business would inevitably become public business. Better by far, I submit, to let some private organizations whose practices we detest receive the same tax-exemption granted in blanket form to all nonprofit groups, and that private citizens be spared the supervision and snooping of bureaucrats.

Private organizations and associations lie beyond the legitimate concern of the state, or other public authorities. They are, and ought to be, constitutionally protected against government interference; they are, and ought to be,

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insulated, so far as reasonably they can be, from governmental inspection and approval. Clearly, when private associations serve public or official functions they take on public or official obligations. When they manifest no such public purposes private organizations must be free to carry on activities, and practice policies, which might well be unconstitutional if sponsored by the government or its agencies.

In groups as well as singly we must be free to be bad. If bad men have not the same rights as good men to speak, assemble, associate, and mind their own business, the community is not really free. □

GOOD LAWS, DANGEROUS SHOPS

PAYING LIP SERVICE TO SAFETY

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> *Warning*: the air you breathe or the noise you hear on your job may be dangerous to your health. The new national worker safety and health law gives you the right to a safe and healthful job. Call the federal government's seven-day-a-week phone number for guidance and information. A federal inspector or industrial hygienist will respond to any worker request.

Any chance that an announcement like this—a simple and direct implementation of the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970—will be carried as a public service on radio or television probably died with the election of Richard Nixon for another four years. With an eye to capturing the Ohio primary vote, Sen. George McGovern flirted briefly and heroically during the campaign with worker safety and health as a prime issue. But though millions of workers suffocate from noise, gases, dust, heat stress, radiation and other environmental horrors on their jobs, not a single member of the House or Senate, including McGovern, has embraced this as a personal cause. It is an issue without political takers.

A 1969 University of Michigan Research Center survey on worker discontents showed that worker safety and health hazards ranked number two (inadequate fringe benefits was number one), while inadequate income was number six in a list of twenty-one sources of work unhappiness. A U.S. Public Health Service study made in Denver a few years ago showed that only 25 per cent of all workers actually exposed to health hazards on their jobs were aware of the dangers, which are insidious and mostly invisible. If workers knew the full extent of the situation, we might have a revolution on our hands, and there are signs that traditional worker fatalism about working conditions is on the wane.

Passage of a national law, the most important piece of legislation for working people since the Wagner Act, occurred almost as a gesture of fair play. Who could be against safety? Wear your hard hat, put on your safety glasses, fasten tight your earmuff. Be alert. Work safely. Onward and upward. That was the uplifting mood of Congress which passed a law few understood. The Occupational Safety and Health Act had some kickers tucked away in quietly phrased paragraphs. It says, for instance, that no worker should have to work at jobs which will "impair health or shorten life." That is a tall order, but within the technological capability of a nation seeking ways to invest some of its trillion-dollar GNP.

For many years we were told that workers were safer on the job than at home or on the public highways —this was the actual argument used by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce to oppose a national safety law for working people. A suppressed study made for the U.S. Department of Labor by Jerome Gordon showed 25 million annual injuries (some workers were injured more than once during a single year), instead of the National Safety Council's bogus 2.5 million injuries. And the Safety Council's reported 14,500 industrial deaths each year pales when compared to an estimated 100,000 occupationally caused deaths, the startling figure contained in the Safety and Health Act's first annual report to Congress.

Double bookkeeping of accidents still allows big corporations to play the numbers game with occupational carnage and disease. Corporate giants like General Motors line up each year for the National Safety Council's no-lost-time-for-injury awards, while concealing the bruises, cuts, fractures and amputations, plus the damage to lungs, skin and heart which occur every working day.

The national law flatly outlaws such duplicity, and requires that a record be kept of any injury which results in "loss of consciousness, restriction of motion, or transfer to another job." Dr. Donald Whorton of Baltimore, while substituting last summer for a vacationing General Motors physician, refused to allow a seriously injured worker back on the job. Whorton threw the GM accident-free charade so far out of whack that the company went into a tirade. Who was this Whorton? they wanted to know. He happened to be an honest occupational health physician who had crossed the GM threshold without receiving the usual indoctrination.

American politicians, in and out of campaign years, pay lip service to workers and the nobility of hard work. The fact is that millions of working Americans face multiple hazards, and are victimized by lazy, indifferent state and federal bureaucracies which do little to carry out the mandate of either state or federal safety and health laws. Many states have the seldom used right to "red-tag" or shut down an unsafe operation, something Republicans and the Nixon Administration were able to compromise out of the new national law. Now the Administration seeks to impose the "give the dog its first bite" principle by setting up an innocently sounding "consultative service" to

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bar federal investigations of a "first instance citation" in workplaces with less than twenty-five workers. If approved, this will dilute the impact of the law for 22 million workers in 85 per cent of all workplaces now covered. It almost got by in the closing hours of the 92nd Congress, and a fresh assault will be made during 1973.

Another drive, equally jeopardizing the law's usefulness to working people, is aimed at limiting federal inspections to workplaces of more than three employees. These limitations were contained in various forms of last year's labor/HEW appropriation bills, all of which President Nixon vetoed. The basic law still covers 60 million workers in roughly 5 million workplaces, but the small-business exemptions would knock out any federal expenditure for inspections. The small-business flak illustrates the bungling bureaucracy that has plagued the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) from the start. The law clearly gives the U.S. Department of Labor broad discretionary authority, provides ample leeway for OSHA to educate both workers and employers, to publicize the law, and to winnow out impractical or outdated standards. But the ruling bureaucrats in Labor have displayed a studied lack of imagination, and the small-business screams, however spurious some of them were, have set off a chorus of Congressional critics, worried about business rather than workers.

The situation inside the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is not much better. Here resides the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH), with broad research and training responsibilities. NIOSH, sadly, is buried deep down, lost among $30 billion worth of more glamorous HEW projects. It is doubtful that then HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson even knew he had a thing called NIOSH, which could, if given some official encouragement, remake the lives of millions upon millions of working people.

Enter now Ralph Nader's Health Research Group, operating on a $125,000 budget—its share of the $800,000 collected during 1972 for Public Citizen, Inc., the Nader money drop which finances his many raids on lamebrain government. Dr. Sidney Wolfe, Nader's house physician, is currently fighting a sneaky proposition to weaken the federal sanitation laws for workers, by allowing companies to use nonpotable water for workers' shower rooms. Pollution counts in water near Inland Steel and U.S. Steel installations, the Nader group found, showed bacteria counts between 200 and 3,500 higher than is allowed for ordinary drinking water. The water is so bad it is not used for some steel-making processes, yet the Administration is trying to permit employers to pipe such river and lake water into showers and wash-up facilities.

The sanitation scandal is minor compared to what the Administration is imposing on workers in the form of weakened asbestos, noise, carbon monoxide and a host of other occupational health standards. The classic case of the still unfolding inspection at the Mobil Oil refinery at Paulsboro, N.J., is a striking instance of government neglect, corporate blindness and trade union ingenuity. Under the prodding of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers' irrepressible Anthony Mazzocchi, federal inspectors commenced a series of inspections at Paulsboro. Mobil Oil fought this every inch of the way, blocking use of union officials in some instances, and then successfully challenging the union's right to "walk-around pay" for the in-plant workers who accompanied federal inspectors and industrial hygienists, as the law specifically provides they should. A Nixon Administration decision, bowing to Mobil Oil, denied this walk-around pay, and has thereby virtually nullified a vital section of the national law for unorganized workers (where there are unions, contract provisions can cover this point).

Since this first round of inspections at Paulsboro, one worker has died because hazards were ignored in previous

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inspections—yet no "imminent danger" citation has been imposed by OSHA upon this powerful and negligent corporation. Finally, after much pressure from the union a new round of inspections at Paulsboro has been authorized —but only because the union refused to give up and because the worker was killed on the job.

How many workers die each day because there is no union, or because the union is befuddled by the intricacies of the law, or because there are no inspectors to point out the insidious hazards of the job? The federal government has only fifty industrial hygienists on the job today —a ratio of one to every million workers. HEW spokesmen once told a Congressional committee there ought to be one industrial hygienist for every 35,000 workers—a ratio that would require 8,000 industrial hygienists to carry out the law today. Only an industrial hygienist is equipped and trained to take sophisticated on-the-job readings. Most of OSHA's 500 or so compliance officers today are unable to make accurate noise or dust-level readings and seldom issue health hazard complaints following an inspection.

The asbestos story is dramatic mainly because that mineral is one of the substances for which there are hard scientific data, thanks to the work of Dr. Irving J. Selikoff of Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City and some of his associates, including Dr. Cyler Hammond, the great epidemiologist who did the basic work on cigarette smoking. Fortunately, science for hire may finally be challenged. On November 12, there was formed with Selikoff at the helm the Society for Occupational and Environmental Health; it is the best collection of no-nonsense, independent scientists yet gathered together on behalf of the worker.

Dr. Jeanne Stellman is one of the young scientists who typifies the new challenge to the scientific Old Guard. She recently joined the staff of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers—the first union scientist staffer ever appointed. She believes that any health standard for any toxic substance should be set only by persons who are willing to work at that standard themselves, and she has campaigned to include the scientific findings published in foreign scientific journals as legitimate source material for U.S. worker health criteria. She argues that a Ph.D. candidate who tried to duplicate the research of a foreign scientist would be hooted out of school, yet the U.S. scientific community has frequently refused to accept foreign evidence—that was the pretext for ignoring black lung in the face of clear British findings that coal miners suffered from a specific respiratory disease.

Imagine how fast the setters of health hazard standards would lower the permissible noise level from 90 decibels (you have to shout to be heard at 6 feet), if they had to work forty hours a week at that level. The present 90 decibel standard condemns a predictable percentage of the work force to occupational deafness, plus a host of other afflictions.

The Medical Committee for Human Rights (MCHR) born of civil rights and anti-war struggles of the 1960s, is a network of 15,000 health activists which is now throwing its resources into the occupational health fight. Its members see their mission as being to demystify some of the fake professionalism and technical jargon which intimidates millions of workers into thinking they are too stupid to understand how to identify and measure noise or dust polllution on the job. The trade union movement back in 1948 set out to master the criteria of time-and-motion studies which management used to speed up jobs. Increasingly today, workers are beginning to care as much about air quality on the job as they care about assembly-line speed. We will need all the Selikoffs, Stellmans, Wolfes, and MCHR enthusiasts we can find when a reborn occupational health movement gathers momentum.

A Chicago survey made in 1968 for the U.S. Public Health Service found that 46 per cent of all workers faced "serious and urgent" health hazards on their jobs. A more comprehensive national survey, to be completed late in 1973 by NIOSH, will provide more up-to-date data. Meanwhile, a little used section of the law gives any group of workers the right to a complete on-the-job health hazard evaluation. Few workers know of this provision and there are less than thirty-five persons in NIOSH free to do the studies.

Compared to the battery of union economists and lawyers available to fight the economic and legal battles for organized workers, there is today but a skimpy staff of union occupational safety and health experts to respond to the rising tide of worker concern for a decent environment at their places of work. And much of the time and energy of this skeleton group is spent keeping up with the paper work imposed by OSHA's and NIOSH's feeble response to the new law. Just to complicate the picture, the Office of Management and Budget has injected a "financial feasibility" rule into standard setting without placing any notice in *The Federal Register* and with no right of public hearing.

The health and safety standard game is increasingly one that only the big and strong can play. Most of the federal standards on the books today were taken from those developed by "consensus" procedures under the supervision of the American National Standards Institute (ANSI), where big manufacturers completely outnumbered small-fry business and unions. ANSI has developed elaborate standards which are based on dubious scientific findings and defy easy understanding. They are always tilted to industry convenience, and to big industry at that, which accounts for some of the recent small-business fuss.

It is probably expecting too much that the federal government during the second Nixon Administration should give working people a fair hearing, but the fact that concerned scientists and health activists are collaborating more closely with unions is a sign of some progress. That was what prompted a UAW vice president to predict on the eve of the 1973 negotiations: "We're going to have the safest, cleanest, healthiest plants you ever saw after the next contract."

Not every social ill can be cured with more money, but the $2 per worker which the $100 million spent for OSHA and NIOSH represents is a tiny fraction of the national commitment the United States ought to make. Despite all the shortcomings of government, despite all the legalisms and delays built into the law, and despite all the rhetoric expended on behalf of the work ethic, this nation can do much better to remove the grime and the dangers from the workaday world. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Bestial Until Victory'—Winning Hearts and Minds

WOMEN AND MADNESS. *By Phyllis Chesler. Doubleday & Co. 360 pp. $8.95.*

BARBARA HARRISON
Ms. Harrison is a free-lance writer. Her first book, Unlearning the Lie—Sexism in School, *will be published by Liveright this spring.*

Because I am a feminist, and Chesler and I are by one (sloppy, I think) definition, sisters, I should like to be able to say that while the body of her work is muddled, exceedingly dangerous to the politics of revolutionary feminism—and irritating as hell—it is also, occasionally, original, insightful, disturbing. However, I find myself unable to give equal time to the good things in this ultimately bad book. Bad, because the conclusions tend to support the *status quo* which they pretend to challenge, and are sneakingly, but stunningly, inhumane.

Chesler says she speaks "in many voices in this book; as a psychological researcher, theoretician, and clinician—*and* as a literary and philosophical person, a lover of poetry and myths." Now, when an author asks (and claims to answer) the question, "When is a woman mad and who is it who decides?" she must do so with clarity and definition, not with soppy poetry that romanticizes pain. I need to know that the author recognizes her obligation to make plain to her readers the difference between fact and metaphor. I need especially to know that she understands that it hurts to be crazy.

This is a book that combines a theoretical approach to madness with a call to arms—to revolution. When Chesler relates madness to powerlessness, when she argues that women are trained to lose rather than to win, and to be failures rather than successes, she is asking us to take unto ourselves power and success, she is telling us to turn ourselves into winners. But, just as Chesler needs to know who decides when a woman is mad before she can accept that diagnosis, I need to know who defines success before I can commit myself to it as an ideal. Are we being invited to turn ourselves into the shape of evil, and become like the oppressor—who after all has power and success, who is a winner—or are we being asked to repudiate the oppressor's definition of success, thereby creating a new language and a new society? Having read this book, I shouldn't have to ask, would Chesler consider me sane, would I meet her criteria for success, mental health and the positive uses of power, if I became a female David Rockefeller or Henry Luce? And if Chesler suggests that to pose that question is itself proof of a womanly "pathological fear of power," then I must reply that to vitiate argument at the outset by psychologizing all social and political issues is to serve those persons who are firmly entrenched in power right now.

Chesler tries to relate madness to oppression. Championing the oppressed, she is caught in a dilemma: "The insane are both heroines and victims, courageous and doomed." On the one hand, she inveighs against patriarchal society for driving women mad; on the other, she asks us to believe that madness is divine, prophetic and useful. Chesler refuses to distinguish between two very different questions: When is a woman *considered* mad? When is a woman *in fact* mad? If what she is saying is that there is no difference between being *perceived* as mad, *feeling* mad, and *being* mad, then she must prove that is so. She doesn't.

An example of the muddle: "Most women who are psychiatrically hospitalized are not 'mad.' . . . They are depressed, suicidal, frigid, anxious, paranoid, phobic, guilty, indecisive, inactive, and without hope. . . . Only a few women experience the meaning of Joan of Arc, the Virgin Mary and the female Christ Child, only a few can cultivate their contact with the 'psychic' world."

What are we to understand from this? That to be genuinely mad is to *experience the meaning* of Joan, Mary and the Christ Child? (I find that phrase impenetrable. Elsewhere, Chesler says that Joan is "re-experienced by women who are mad." If Chesler means, by such fanciful expressions, that mad women identify themselves with the virgin-warrior, why doesn't she say so? If, on the other hand, she means something more profound, more mystical, why doesn't she say *that*?) Why does she put the word *psychic* in quotes? Why, for that matter, is *mad* in quotes? It is remarkable how often such words as *mad, madness, depressed, schizophrenic, sick*—the very words she sets about to define—are placed in quotes. The quotes are a way of hedging, of slithering away from the responsibility of definition. (I cannot see what purpose it serves to write that a woman who gives birth to a child is a "mother." For goodness' sake, a woman who gives birth to a child is, by definition, a mother—she's not an egg roll, or an umbrella stand, or a father.)

It is reasonable to assume, although nowhere does she say so unambiguously, that Chesler believes madness is an appropriate response to a crazy world. She does not seem to recognize that to be mad is to swim in terror and in hunger, to be poised—paralyzed, nauseated and seduced—on the edge of an abyss, to feel irredeemably alone, to fear oneself and one's capacity for violence and ruin, to suffocate, to be locked in one's own mind, talking to one's own mouth, to feel one's own body reflecting the pain of the fissures of a fragmented mind—to *hurt*. Whatever madness is, it is not a feast or a game. It is to be resisted, not courted. Chesler pooh-poohs the fact that psychiatrically committed women are "sick," putting the word—with ironic intent, one supposes—in quotes; but these women *feel* sick; what are we to do with that fact? What Chesler does with it is to deny it: One of the sixty women she interviews keeps insisting that she is (feels) sick; Chesler responds to her painful reiteration by saying, "Are you really sick, or are they just telling you you're sick?"

Chesler denies that she romanticizes madness, but, "A romantic thought of my own: Perhaps the angry and weeping women in mental asylums are Amazons returned to earth these many centuries later, each conducting a private and half-remembered search for her Motherland—a search we call madness. Or perhaps they are failed Goddess-Mothers, Demeters, eternally and miserably unable to find their daughters or their powers."

Chesler equates genuine madness with schizophrenia; depression and anxiety she calls female symptoms, or "'female' diseases": "What we consider 'madness,' whether it appears in women or in men, is either the acting out of the devalued female role or the total or partial rejection of one's sex-role stereotype." Well, that's fairly straightforward. But, believing that all women, having been starved for female nurture, need "protective goddesses," Chesler sinks that

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definition in a swamp of treacly poetry. She is very big on Amazons—in spite of this disclaimer: "I am not saying that a female-dominated or Amazon society based on the oppression of men is any more 'just' than is a male-dominated society based on the oppression of women. I am merely pointing out in what ways . . . it is better for women." What this disclaimer amounts to is that she regards *What's in it for me?* as a more interesting question than *What's good?*

Amazons, according to Helen Diner, whom Chesler quotes extensively, are those charmers who "crippled the newly born boys" so as to make them "despised slave cripples . . . used for the rearing of children." Amazons, who engaged other *women* in battle for territory, were "bestial until victory," after which they "became conciliatory. Gentleness and foresight earned them the adoration of the vanquished." How can it be that what is in men despicable—bestiality in war and paternal condescension in victory—is adorable in women? What is the logic—or the virtue—of a position that encourages us to admire creatures who destroy life and assign child rearing to slave cripples? How can we demand dignity—or better wages—for women who are nursery-school teachers, day-care workers, mothers, at the same time that we are glorifying women who assigned those roles to slaves? To do so is to internalize the hatred of the oppressor and to become complicit in our own victimization.

The confusion stems, of course, from an infatuation with the very qualities we claim to despise in men; we put ourselves in the position of having to ape those qualities simply because they are male prerogatives. Conversely, what men devalue, Chesler implies, we ourselves must eschew, simply because they devalue it.

It should not be necessary for Chesler to say, "I don't know whether it is in women's interest to forgo the act of childbirth—simply because men have enforced such an unfair price on it." In the first place, to forgo childbirth because an unfair price has been placed on it would be, quite obviously, to accede to blackmail, and therefore to play the game by the oppressor's rules; then, although it seems to have escaped Chesler's notice, many women enjoy giving birth, and to forgo that pleasure for the dubious satisfaction of saying nyah nyah to the oppressor seems perverse; and thirdly, the implication that personal choice can be legislated by somebody's (whose?) idea of what's in all women's interest is crackbrained.

As for Chesler's suggestion that "perhaps both sexes can both *be* and *do* only after the *biological* differences between them are completely eliminated"—no thanks. One entertains sci-fi visions of totalitarian castration of male and female human beings only when one is incapable of bending one's will and one's imagination to the demanding business of producing real-life change. And again, to suggest such a neutering of human beings is to play the game by the oppressor's rules: it is to agree that biology is destiny.

(On reflection, it seems to me that Chesler has already accomplished the neutering of human beings in her own imagination. There is absolutely no sense, in this book, of the joy of sexual *otherness* in a heterosexual relationship. She never acknowledges that heterosexual sex can be fulfilling, exhilarating, tender—or at least fun, at least part of the time. To ignore that, to ignore love between men and women, which is a fact of our experience, is simply vulgar.)

At some point, if one is talking about revolution, one must begin to talk in absolutes—*good, bad, right, wrong,* are as relevant, surely, to a feminist revolution as are *male, female.* Unless, of course, the name of the game is Making It.

Chesler's "psychological prescriptions for the future" are terrifying. Women's primary obligation to themselves is, she says, "to achieve power," to do "whatever is necessary in order to survive." Insofar as she means, by power, strength of purpose or of will, one may not argue with her. But, in spite of her muddy language, her primary meaning is plain: she is inviting us to partake of that "power which is always predicated on the direct control of worldly realities"; she derides as pathological those feminists who "would prefer to leave it in Caesar's hands altogether, and in a misguidedly 'noble' gesture, sacrifice their individual advancement." She leaves little doubt that she believes that the quickest way to "individual advancement" and "survival" is not to dethrone Caesar but to clasp his hand. She anticipates, and closes off, argument by contending that "women who eschew 'leadership' and/or power are probably doing so because their valueless conditioning forces them to, rather than because they recognize the ruthless aspects of 'leadership' in our culture," a culture that "values physical strength and its extended representation in the form of weaponry and money." She passively accepts that which it is a revolutionary's duty to oppose and transform: "Oppressed groups . . . internalize the values of power . . . women and black people will want all the free drinks, the handshakes, the trophies, the inside tips—the 'killings.'"

If handshakes, trophies and killings are what one is about, one is obliged to argue that what must be "actively expected and sought after" are the "contributions and support" of "Governor Rockefeller, President Nixon, the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Army, General Motors, or the Vatican—all institutions which have far greater resources than those of any individual woman or any individual women's group." It is no good for a reader to protest that that incredible list represents the Enemy; Chesler replies that women are "confused about . . . the nature of power"—she would have you know that you only *think* you think General Motors is evil; the truth is that you regard General Motors as Daddy, and "Daddy is feared and addressed in 'good girl' tones, or not . . . at all."

Chesler tells us that women must have power before they can choose what is good. She is impatient of words like good and bad, right and wrong, because to her, power and success are the only absolutes. Feminists may not, she says, call any "economically and professionally successful women . . . aggressive elitists"; we must rejoice in the success of all women. If one were to ask, Where did the money come from, in what profession did the lucky lady toil?, Chesler would sweep away those questions as irrelevant: "These divisions certainly have valid political and economic bases. However, what is being psychologically satisfied is the female belief that [one] cannot be enhanced or protected by the success or power of any other woman." Does this mean I must rejoice to see a woman become chairman of United Fruit, or perhaps a bomber pilot? By Chesler's reckoning, I must: "From a psychological point of view . . . it is somewhat irrelevant whether a woman achieves this ego-shift [the shift to "a frank passion for achieving the power necessary to define oneself"] as a 'communist' or as a 'capitalist'; as a liberal reformer or as a guerrilla"; "feminists may be: capitalists, . . . Democrats, Republicans . . . nationalists, separatists, integrationists." (Chesler includes practically everything but slumlords, racists and sweet potatoes.) As long as a woman is "committing a radical act, i.e., an act that risks 'winning,'" she is fine and dandy. What she wins, whom she may have to exploit in order to win, is unimportant. If I don't join the dancing in the streets when Nixon appoints the first woman conservative to the Court, no doubt the Cheslerian judgment will be that I have an "absolute terror of differences."

But I don't. I am merely arguing that there *are* differences, that all things are not equal, that some things are better than others, that all acts have objective

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consequences, and that one may be permitted to judge the acts and their consequences from a political and social point of view without being told by Chesler that one is, "from a psychological point of view," being motivated by "conditioned female traits."

As for those "conditioned female traits"—because there is "no place for 'altruism' or 'compassion' in political and military places," Chesler, urging "entry into public institutions," is bound to consider them something of a liability (I feel as if I'm reading Ayn Rand): "Studies and common sense suggest that personal 'altruism' in our culture often stems from guilt, fear, and low self-esteem rather than from freedom or self-love." (We're all familiar with those studies that prove that anybody who gives a nickel to a quadruple amputee is in reality an insecure, rotten sonofabitch; how come nobody studies the men who control "weaponry and money"?) Obliged nevertheless to recognize that compassion is an attractive attribute (although it has "probably been developed through default or male-imposed necessity, rather than through . . . free choice"), she advises us to "withdraw from all human interactions which are not extremely supportive of [our] survival and achievement of individual power." In other words, we may continue to be compassionate—as long as we remember to ask, What's in it for me? We may give—as long as it doesn't cost us anything. And what are we to make of this? "Women must begin to 'save' . . . their daughters before they 'save' their . . . sons." What, in the real world, does that mean? That I am to wake up one morning and announce that I prefer my daughter to my son? That I will myself to love my daughter more than my son? That I throw my son to the wolves (or to the Amazons)?

Chesler argues persuasively that there are sex-typed symptoms of mental illness. Women are helpless, dependent, passive; "the symptoms of men are . . . much more likely to reflect a destructive hostility toward others, as well as a pathological self-indulgence." I think she is inviting us to exchange one set of symptoms for another. I do not think she is pointing us in the direction of sanity, wholeness, goodness, or revolution. I think she is inviting us to become what, as feminists and female human beings, we must—with ferocity born of compassion—forever and unalterably oppose. □

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Shakespeare's Anti-Heroic Vision

HERO AND SAINT: Shakespeare and the Graeco-Roman Heroic Tradition. *By Reuben Brower. Oxford University Press. 440 pp. $10.50.*

PAUL DELANY

Mr. Delany teaches English at Simon Fraser University, British Columbia.

Reuben Brower once defined himself as "a writer whose aim is humane reading, not criticism as popularly understood and perhaps not criticism as now professionally practiced." Coming from the author of *The Fields of Light*—an exemplary and typical work of postwar criticism—these words may have seemed merely quizzical; but Brower's new book on Shakespeare makes it apparent that he takes the formula seriously. The argument of *Hero and Saint* is that literary greatness reveals itself through the encounter between a humane reader and a humane literary character; Shakespeare's stature therefore derives from the nobility of his heroes, who, in Brower's view, either live up to the ideals of Graeco-Roman heroic tradition or transcend them by actions essentially, if not explicitly, Christian.

Such arguments seem to me a violation of Shakespeare's vision and of his art. Brower's remarks on Brutus, Troilus and Cleopatra show the logical extreme of his case. For him, Brutus is an ideal tragic protagonist, both "the noblest Roman of them all" and "the Renaissance hero in perfection." His Troilus is a paragon of chivalry whose ideals are vitiated by false company rather than by what may be false within. Brower sums up his fate in Yeats's line, "Heroic reverie mocked by clown and knave." His Cleopatra is a woman of "inexpressible greatness" who displays "sustained nobility . . . in the later scenes of the play."

These judgments are questionable both in principle and in application. "Humane reading" must do more than identify humane literary characters and advertise their virtues; by such a measure, the greatness of *Hamlet* or *King Lear* would owe more to Horatio and Cordelia than to the plays' titular heroes. Furthermore, Brower's particular interpretations are simplistic, if not plainly naive. His adulation of Brutus glosses over the evidence that this "noblest Roman" is also pompous, arrogant, obtuse and, above all, self-deceived. Troilus may be for Brower a Yeatsian exemplar of isolated heroism, but someone else in the play calls him a "scurvy, doting, foolish young knave," and not without grounds. Praise for Cleopatra's sustained nobility begs the question of her greatness as a dramatic character—which derives from the mingling in her nature of noble traits with their opposites. In the later scenes she is still the "serpent of old Nile" (in trying to swindle Octavius, for example); at one moment she may be all "fire and air," at another "No more but e'en a woman, and commanded/By such poor passion as the maid that milks/And does the meanest chares." "Unparallel'd," yet "a lass." The heroism of Brower's "noble" protagonists is not an abstract and invulnerable quality but is always subject to being canceled by a countervailing irony.

In *Hero and Saint* Brower's evangelical zeal for heroic humaneness leaves him ill equipped to deal with Shakespeare's anti-heroic vision. When the dramatic action becomes bestial, terrifying, or nihilistic Brower's attitude too much resembles that of Robert Frost's sitters on the beach, who venture their perceptions "Neither out far

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nor in deep." What remains of the classical humanist tradition when a Shakespearean voice proclaims that "all the argument is a cuckold and a whore"; "unaccommodated man is no more but . . . a poor, bare, forked animal"; "none does offend"? In commenting on the speech from which the latter quotation is taken, Brower remarks that "the passion behind Lear's invective is radically Christian." This seems to me both a misreading of the passage and an evasion of the simply and literally radical nature of Lear's great cry of despair. Jan Kott's Shakespeare criticism, whatever its errors and distortions, has been the most influential of recent years because it is grounded on the principle that Shakespeare is a deeply radical dramatist—not politically, but in the sense that he lays bare the roots of social action—and that he is therefore an ancestor of the modern intellectual tradition. To Marx and Freud, for example, Shakespeare was more than just a favorite author: he was an inspiration.

Shakespeare's radicalism, and his ability to transform his sources, are scanted in Brower's treatment of his debt to classical tradition. The chapters on Homer and Virgil are convincing evocations of the spirit of classical epic, but they don't show that the two ancient masters exerted any profound or direct influence on Shakespeare's concept of the hero. Unlike Jonson or Chapman, Shakespeare had scant reverence for classical literary norms; he took his plots and characters from any source, regardless of authority, and then adapted them according to his inclination. Among classical authors, only Ovid and Plutarch really took his fancy; both were sprawling, encyclopedic writers whose attitude to their own antecedent traditions was sophisticated and eclectic.

Shakespeare's dramatic re-creation of ancient history and culture is notoriously erratic. His sense of history, if by that we mean awareness of the continuous and organic development of culture, extends no further back than the reign of Richard II. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the classical hero Theseus shares the stage with Robin Goodfellow, who is a hobgoblin from English folklore. *Troilus and Cressida* and *King Lear* owe much of their peculiar force to their being "islands in time," detached from preceding or sequent history. The dramatic actions of these plays are visionary, not segments of continuous historical reality. In all this, Shakespeare spurned the educated antiquarianism of contemporary neo-classicists and cast in his lot with the Elizabethan popular imagination, which liked to suppose that London was founded by refugee Trojans and that Joseph of Arimathea had brought the Holy Grail to Somerset. By relentlessly pressing its case for the solemn, canonical values of classical literature, *Hero and Saint* glosses over these basic features of Shakespeare's use of tradition.

In the preface to his collection, *In Defense of Reading*, Brower, speaking for the contributors, observes that "we have tried simply to be as variously and flexibly intelligent as possible in the face of literary events, to be all things to all kinds of literary experience." By this rule, Shakespeare demands more of the critic than any other English author, since he encompasses the widest range of imaginative experience. To explore this experience fully, Brower would have had to renounce some of his cherished intellectual commitments—among them, his desire that nobility should stand as an absolute, unqualified by dramatic irony, or his trust in the comforting tenets of liberal humanism to provide shelter from the Shakespearean tempest. □

The Grand Cham's Grand Failings

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. *By Christopher Hibbert. Harper & Row. 364 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT L. CHAPMAN
Mr. Chapman, a professional lexicographer, teaches English and linguistics at Drew University.

Even the clearest view of Dr. Johnson shows him all distorted: the huge lubberly body with its masses wrong, the bad joke of a face like that of a pocky giant grouper, the scarecrow clothing which everyone called "rusty," and all in foolish convulsive motion whether he sits, stands, or lies. This book of Mr. Hibbert's increases the distortion by holding its lens here and there so as to gigantize features even more out of the weird proportion they have. You might think that the subject would emerge as a freak fit for the cosmic raree show.

He doesn't. Dr. Johnson becomes in this book, for the loving eye, more mythical and more heroic than ever. It is a book for those of us who have entertained an admiration for Johnson the man, often against our own political and religious judgment, without necessarily having read as much as we should of Johnson the essayist and critic. I hope that the number of such admirers is large, and I hope that this book might convert others to the cult. Until one of us writes a homiletic moral manual, "The Imitation of Johnson," Mr. Hibbert's book will serve very well.

The title phrase, *Personal History*, accurately shows Mr. Hibbert's purpose. This is not a biography of the "man-and-his-work" sort nor the-history-of-ideas sort. It aims to display the man as a man, chronologically, and the work is peripheral. To judge by his bibliography, the author has read prodigiously in both primary and secondary materials. His achievement in distilling those many volumes into one of fewer than 400 pages deserves great credit. His taste in the use of scholarly apparatus is excellent—he employs source notes and the like often enough to assure the academic reader that he has a sound bottom of data, but keeps it decently out of sight. This is a part of his fine judgment in what we might call "degree of vulgarization." Mr. Hibbert does not enthuse, he does not dwell milkingly on one or another episode that has emotional content; he does not exclaim, ever, over what a bizarre or a beautiful man Johnson was. His style is sober, a little heavy at times but never a parody of Johnson's, on the whole quite fit for his purposes. To the extent that he evokes such Johnsonolatry as I have confessed above, it is by the quiet deployment of facts.

Mr. Hibbert deserves special praise for not being tempted, as another personal biographer might have been, to follow the musky scent of sex perversion, specifically masochism, when he found certain hints. He merely honestly retails what he found, and leaves the psychoanalytic country unexplored.

In short, Mr. Hibbert has done his job so well that a reviewer with limited space may be pardoned for praising the book, then looking right through it at the man it so justly delineates.

So, why do we call him mythical, and why heroic? As to the first, the more you come to know him personally, the more he takes on the quality of the great signifying personages like Don Quixote, Sir John Falstaff, and their rare like who stand for permanent and not always especially admirable traits that we ourselves possess. We don't identify ourselves over the whole range of their natures, but they always help us to think about ourselves and to know everyone better. For instance, I nod vigorously

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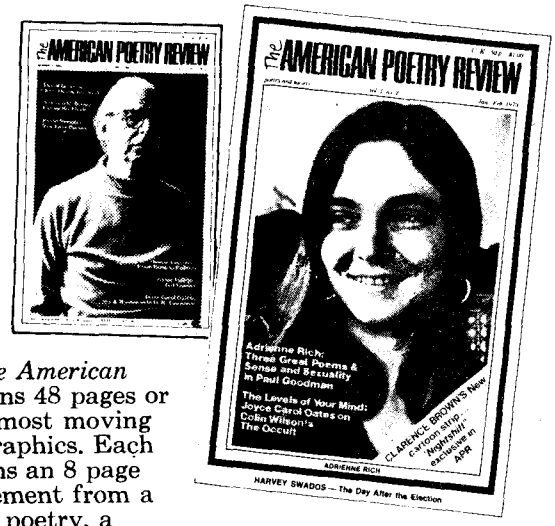
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when Dr. Johnson declares that he drinks strong waters, not for the flavor but for the effect. Precisely. On the other hand I cannot assent to his judgment on music, that "No man of talent, or whose mind was capable of better things, ever would or could devote his time and attention to so idle and frivolous a pursuit." Yet how charming and accurate it is to call music "the only sensual pleasure without vice." But, once he pronounced himself pleasantly affected by musical sounds, and once he bought himself a flageolet. The spirit of contradiction was in him, both to contradict and to be contradictory. That is, I'm sure, an important part of his mythical force.

While his paradoxicalness keeps reminding us that verities are seldom clarities, he paradoxically also is always telling us that truisms are true. He utters ordinary bedrock things with the blunt gnomic energy of the Bible itself. Dr. Johnson embodies the myth of screwed-up man with an instinct for truth, and I wish he were everyman's Everyman.

Why do we call him a hero? Simply because he was like Beowulf, that's all. A hero is doomed, knows he's doomed, but fights like hell anyway. Dr. Johnson was born more diseased than most of us ever manage to get. His autopsy report reads like a manual of pathology. He suffered from constitutional laziness. He was nearly blind. He was deathly afraid of being alone, or being unoccupied. He felt the wing of madness brush his forehead, not once but again and again. He was bloated and unsightly. He was subject to violent spastic impulses, not only in fits but always.

Yet, he did write his dictionary, his poems, his essays, his *Lives of the Poets*; he mastered and remembered most of the learning of his day. He was properly adulated as a great scholar and authority, and his company was sought for his substantialness, not merely because he was a lion and an eccentric. This sick giant was "as good-natured as a family mastiff." His absolute charity caused him to fill his house with outcasts until it must have been the archetypal Hogarthian sight. Beowulf was "of world-kings the mildest of men and the gentlest, kindest to his people, and most eager for fame." Q.E.D.

To get back to Mr. Hibbert's excellent book. Dr. Johnson himself summed up the merits of its type, approvingly in *Rambler 60*:

> The business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and virtue.

I'm not sure that Dr. Johnson ever excelled anyone by prudence, but he surely wears the crown of virtue, and I thank Mr. Hibbert for recalling this as pleasurably as he does. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Pity the poor reviewer who cannot distinguish between the play and the production: he will miss much. An apt instance is Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* at the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

If we see nothing more in the occasion than a drama relating to an attempt in 1916 to overthrow British rule in Ireland and to proclaim an independent republic, then we speak of the play's "topicality" and overlook the play's essence. True, the play is most particular in its details; it could not be what it is if it were not Irish: O'Casey created out of a specific reality. But he was a poet, and a poet has something more in view than the simple narration of an incident, even if that incident is an abortive uprising in which numerous people are slain. *The Plough and the Stars* may also be considered an anti-war play, which makes it pertinent at all times. But its theme and spirit extend even further than that. What is conveyed is the sorrow and pity of humanity's folly. We know not what we do.

Thus the play is very funny and all the sadder for that. The comedy is not a matter of its lines alone, though it is impossible not to laugh at the characters' manner of speech, at once musical, colorful and replete with crazy alliterations, very much like a helpless tic convulsing the speakers. The basic comedy lies in the contradiction between what the characters say and the circumstances and actions in which they are involved. With arrest, madness and death around them one of the men suggests a game of chance, saying, "Make a start, an' keep us from th' sin of idleness." An old participant in ancient conflicts dresses himself in an elaborately decorative uniform and quakes with fright at the slightest sound of battle. They are all devout Christians, forever invoking the protection of heavenly powers, but they do not hesitate to loot the shops at the first opportunity. A British Tommy proclaims himself a Socialist, but does his duty by shooting down the poor blighters whom he pities. A radical lout insists throughout the play that everybody—including a tart he encounters at a bar and an enemy soldier—read "Jensky's *Thesis on the Origin, Development, an' Consolidation of the Revolutionary Idea of the Proletariat.*"

The whole mess is, as the soldier says, "only a bit of a dogfight." (Some years ago I heard one of the editors of *Time* say that, after all, American losses in Vietnam were inconsiderable compared to those of a *real* war.) And the play which depicts this "dogfight" is a "little" play. Its people are not "important." None of them are "heroes," though being Irish they express themselves with lyrical bombast. There is exaltation in the call to arms, and they are frightened out of their wits. Their truly brave actions are so spontaneously modest that we may not even notice them—as when the cantankerous Orange-hearted woman (who is finally killed) goes off in the midst of the shooting to find a doctor for an ailing child. Hardly anyone notices, mentions or seems to worry that the little girl is dying of consumption. They apparently can do nothing about it: they are too poor.

Being Irish, they won't face reality, as Shaw has said, "nor deal with it, nor conquer it." Reality crushes them, so they take refuge in religiosity and whisky. They have no recourse but to dream and joke. But if that is their escape, it is no worse than the evasion of reality in which all of us, more favored by wealth of means, science, know-how, constantly indulge ourselves. Not villainy but fecklessness is our sin. If, as in this play, we laugh at the Irish bumbleheadedness, we blind ourselves to the dolefulness of its humor. We are, in our own way, very much like them.

O'Casey presents the wretched facts, but he is not grim. He is tender, he affirms life. He laughs without cruelty. He does not bid us shed tears; he is compassionate. Nor does he prate, take sides, advocate solutions. The characters maul one another, are unwittingly savage (though most of their brutality is verbal), and are finally understanding of their common misfortune and inclined to forgiveness.

I have called this a "little" play. Though the framework is narrow, the perspective is deep. It is not the war, I repeat, which is being dramatized; rather, the permanent predicament of the simplest people is being revealed while occurrences of great moment take place. I have also called the play poetry. But the poetry too is humble, like that of Irish songs. We may gather something of its quality at the end of the rather

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"ordinary" first act. The time is 1915. There is to be a demonstration by the patriots but not yet an armed confrontation. A woman (probably Protestant and antagonistic to the rebels) goes out to watch the parade and defiantly she speaks into the room from which she has been barred. "There's the men marchin' out into th' dhread dimness o' danger, while the lice is crawlin' about feedin' on the fatness o' the land! But yous'll not escape from th' arrow that flieth be night, or the sickness that wasteth be day. . . . An' ladyship an' all, as some o' them may be, they'll be scattered abroad, like th' dust in th' darkness!" Then the little tubercular girl murmurs weakly, "Is there anybody goin', Mrs. Clitheroe, with a titther o' sense?"

The poetry which is the keynote of the play's style and meaning is never communicated on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. (Many of the lines are spoken unintelligibly.) There are no bad performances. Indeed several of the actors, notably Jack MacGowran, authentic in type and admirable in craft, and Roberta Maxwell, who possesses emotional power though somewhat lacking in the sweet vulnerability of red-lipped Nora, are better than adequate; but this is not sufficient to establish the "long-distance" mood of O'Casey's world. We do not feel the place, the closeness of the characters to one another, the essential decrepitude, forlornness and above all the *intimacy* of the environment. The figures we see are all good actors but we do not believe in them as *people* in a life situation in which

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they and their forebears have long been conjoined. Perhaps the stage or the house is too large; more likely the play requires the kind of preparation the Moscow Art Theatre was able to give Chekhov, with months of probing study, improvisation and detailed work in the inner life and history of the personages. Yet in 1953 I saw less proficient actors in a loft containing little more than a hundred seats and sensed more of the play's particular atmosphere.

I cannot refrain from an addendum in regard to the reception of the play's present production. *The Plough and the Stars* was written about half a century ago. For a reviewer to doubt that it is "a play for all time" is ridiculous. Such a reviewer does not hesitate to express ecstasy at plays which will be of no interest after the completion of their Broadway and stock company runs. Nobody knows what play will be "for all time"—and need not care. As I once said in a riled reply at a lecture to a college student's similar inquiry about Bernard Shaw: "Let the bastards of the future worry about that!" □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's recent exhibitions of contemporary American artists have been pretty boring: Robert Mangold, a pleasant but circumspect painter, and Robert Ryman, a sensualist of low-visibility whites, whose best talent—improvisation *in situ*—was not drawn upon by the museum. However, the memorial exhibition of Eva Hesse (until February 11) is something else, a confident selection of work by a really interesting artist whose irregularly shaped sculptures are well displayed in the broad bays at the top of the ramp. Hesse's handling of fiberglass and latex was brilliant, persuading these materials into an inventory of layered, frayed and patchy forms which were once thought to be ungovernable. Characteristic sculptures consist of: a mare's-nest of cords dipped in latex and suspended from the ceiling; undulating tubes of scabby fiberglass, like a multiple Indian rope trick; rickety panels of fiberglass, out of which wires, bound in cloth and latex, trail twistedly; nine silver-gray husks, rounded and split, put at random on the floor; a row of poles leaning against the wall, supporting rubberized cheesecloth, with variable folds according to the extension of the piece.

These works defy the traditional divisions of geometric and organic form in art, but critical reaction to her subtle conflations has tended to overemphasize biomorphic readings. To regard her sculpture as body imagery is a one-valued reading of a multivalent imagery, though there are spurious cues in the artist's life for doing so, as we shall see. Hesse's dates are 1936-70, which means that the show presents us, paradoxically, with comparatively new and unfamiliar work which is extremely influential on present sprawling or racked sculptures, though her work has been terminated by early death. The fact of her death raises critical problems in the catalogue texts which I feel free to discuss, since discretion has been dropped by the commemorative impulses of her friends.

Both catalogue essays share a view of Hesse's art as the symptom of suffering or illness: the expression is valiant, "sublime" to one of the writers, but it remains symptomatic. Art is taken as the index of something else, sexual distress or a distant trial, an illness not locked within the body but supposedly eating out and spilling over. Linda Shearer writes that "the body of major work she created during the culminating year of her illness suggests that her awareness of the deteriorating state of her health somehow not only allowed her to grow with the continuing natural evolution of her work, but also provided her with the power to invest her, art with mysterious overtones of poignant and painful life." If art is the product of illness (or of drugs), the artist is reduced to comparative passivity, as

ROOMS: POEM OF TIME THAT DOES NOT PASS
(Translated from the French by Hannah Josephson)

All the rooms I have known
Have tried to crush me between their walls
Here whispers are muffled
Cries break off

Rooms where I lived alone
Pacing the void
Rooms haunted by ancient ghosts
Indifferent rooms

Feverish rooms and one where
I moved in to die coldly
Hired pleasure Strange nights

There are rooms more beautiful than wounds
There are rooms you might find banal
There are rooms of entreaty
Rooms dimly lit
Rooms ready for anything but happiness
There are rooms to me forever spattered with my blood

In all rooms a day comes when man
Flays himself alive
When he falls to his knees crying for mercy
Blubbering he topples like a glass
And suffers the agonizing torture of time
Dervish in slow motion time is a sphere turning upon itself
Staring with a round eye
At the mangling of his destiny

And the little breath of anguish before
The clock strikes the hour the half-hour
I never know if it will sound my death
All rooms are courtrooms
Here I take my own measure and the mirror
Does not acquit me

All rooms when at last I fall asleep
Have condemned me to the penalty of dreams
For of the two I know not which is worse
To dream or to live

Louis Aragon

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Shearer concedes when she writes that Hesse grew with the work, as if the work possessed some malignant priority. Shearer hurriedly returns volition to the artist ("provided her with the power"), but as such confusions arise, the thought must occur that illness may not be causative of the art at all.

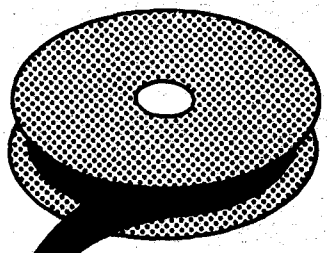
This view of art as trauma is also applied to earlier episodes of Hesse's biography. "The terror and isolation provoked by the death of the artist's father and the withdrawal of her husband from her—instead of forcing incipient madness [*sic*]—provoked the crystal lucidity of original creation." Here Robert Pincus-Witten refers to 1966, the year in which Hesse's art really got going. After some earlier objects, awkward pieces but with a potential that was realized in later developments, Hesse hit on that oscillation between regularly phased and loose forms that characterized her formal imagination. The modular and the limp, the fixed and the rearrangeable, pulse through her work in unprecedented unions from that time on. To me, the fact that she was influenced by Robert Morris seems as relevant to her art as trouble at home. In 1966 she picked up, surely, Morris' objects of 1963-64, in which he combined wooden shelves or blocks set on the wall with tangled or loose ropes hanging from them. Hesse's "Ennead" (1966) and "Addendum" (1967) are among the fruitful derivatives of Morris' formats; they lead into fastidious and rambling forms very different from her point of departure. Pincus-Witten certainly knows this, but he evaluates such information unenthusiastically, as compared to signs of the heroine in torment.

In addition, 1966 is the year in which sculpture of irregular form with a new use of materials went public (in opposition to the rigidity and regularity of Minimal art). Lucy Lippard arranged a significant gallery show in the fall, "Eccentric Abstraction," so called on account of the frayed, lumpy and foldable materials of which the sculpture was made (the artists included Hesse, Bruce Nauman and Frank Lincoln Viner). Pincus-Witten reminds us that six months earlier another gallery show, sarcastically and cheerfully entitled "Abstract Inflationism and Stuffed Expressionism," had exhibited similar works, including pieces by two of the same artists, Hesse and Viner. Thus, as an alternative to viewing Hesse's art of the year as spin-off from psychic distress, it is possible to view the year as the point in time when her art individually, and her kind of art in general, received early attention. Encouragement has also been known to help bring out "crystal lucidity," too. I do not want to separate the lives of artists from their art, but it is essential that biography be defined in such a way as to include the conscious experience of current, external events as well as, and maybe even more than, supposed unconscious conflicts and regressions.

Further difficulties of the art-illness theory are indicated when Pincus-Witten refers to the work of 1967-68: "the motif of the trailing cord may be construed in the context of plasma bags and intravenous tubing, although by the period of her life when the surgical reading ought to be most evident, in the last year, this motif had, in fact, been displaced." His observation and his candor lead me to suspect that the hospital-gear analogies may be construed as a projection by the writer, displaced backward in time from his knowledge of her premature death.

This infatuation with Hesse's illness (it was a brain tumor) shows again in Shearer's emphasis on physical weakness as the reason for Hesse's use of assistants to carry out her later sculptures. By this means "she could achieve a greater spontaneity through collaboration." That may be so, but several of the artists mentioned in the catalogue as being close to her (Sol Lewitt and Robert Smithson, for instance) customarily had their sculpture manufactured for them. Why did Hesse have to be sick to do what had become standard practice in New York at the time?

It used to be supposed that Watteau and Keats, because of tuberculosis, felt the fugitiveness of life more intensely than did artists with better homeostasis. Freud displaced the cause from physical to mental illness, which is a change of location but not of structure: it's the same idea, of art as a compensatory activity, making up for trouble and flaws. Although this idea opposes the formalist narrowing of works of art by excising their meaning, it proposes art's dependence on the involuntary states of the artist's body, which devalues both the art and the artist. I don't think of art as pure formal play, but neither do I think of it as a reflex of autonomic body processes. What happened in this case, I think, since neither of the writers substantiates his or her morbid claims for Hesse, is that each felt emotionally compelled by



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the artist's early death to make the whole work tragic; but the attempt to do so has merely confused Hesse's affecting life with her effective art.

The effect of illness and early death on the art of Hesse is, I think, obvious: it weakened her in the last year or so (not in control but in quantity) and cut off the development of themes which still had a long way to go. Illness was a diversion, not a source of (mysterious-creative-fatal) energy. Jackson Pollock's alcoholism corroded rather than inspired his art and Henri Michaux's mescaline drawings are slight and monotonous—as the artist conceded in conversation once—compared to the earlier visionary drawings made without tripping. It is so in the case of Van Gogh, whose mental illness has been projected upon the form and imagery of his paintings, whereas the real effect of his illness was to *interrupt* the work. He painted, as his letters record, in an effort to arrest the onset of his attacks: the art is a resistance to illness, not its celebration. Hesse's art, in its relation to illness and death, seems to be of the same kind, a brief resistance to being wiped out by an acceleration of the destructive forces of time rather than the romantic agony proposed by her writers. □

FILMS / Robert Hatch

In one of his *ficciones*, "Theme of the Traitor and Hero," Borges outlines the legend of Fergus Kilpatrick, an Irish patriot assassinated by the British, who was in fact a traitor, executed by his comrades—and at his instigation in such a manner as to make him a symbol of determination and hope for his countrymen. "Kilpatrick was brought to his end in a theatre, but he made of the entire city a theatre, too, and the actors were legion. And the drama which was climaxed by his death embraced many days and many nights." A grandson, looking into Kilpatrick's legend many years later, recognizes that certain passages of the chronicle were obviously lifted from *Julius Caesar* and *Macbeth*, and comes to believe that they were interpolated as clues for someone like himself to discover. He decides to keep his findings to himself.

From this outline for a story that Borges, in his estranging way, says he might develop some day, Bernardo Bertolucci has made *The Spider's Stratagem*, translating the scene to a small Italian town and the period to Mussolini's dictatorship. Athos Magnani, son and namesake of the martyred hero of the town, arrives at the behest of his father's mistress to search out the assassin thought to be still living in the neighborhood. He uncovers the situation sketched above, but the process whereby he arrives at the truth carries the picture into a morass of inconsistencies and hanging questions that swallows the dramatic line in scenic splendors and camera artfulness.

The reason is evident enough. Borges was not telling a story—merely indicating that he had one to tell and suggesting that his interest in it was to explore the notion that theatre might be used to create history, instead of the normal way around. Bertolucci is in the storytelling business, but is understandably reluctant to invent incidents for a property that Borges has, as it were, staked out for future use. Therefore, when he comes to a gap, as he does at every turn, he puts his camera through some picturesque paces to suggest hallucination, time warp, somnambulism, surreal tableaux or whatever, and passes on. The town he has selected is indeed a stage set of mesmeric beauty, so that mere tourism carries a good part of Bertolucci's burden for him. But his devices of evasion are distressingly second hand, recalling Delphic episodes in a number of earlier pictures. Despite earnest and handsome performances by Giulio Brogi, as both father and son, and by Alida Valli, as the mistress, the film dissipates into portentous symbolism looking for a meaning. □

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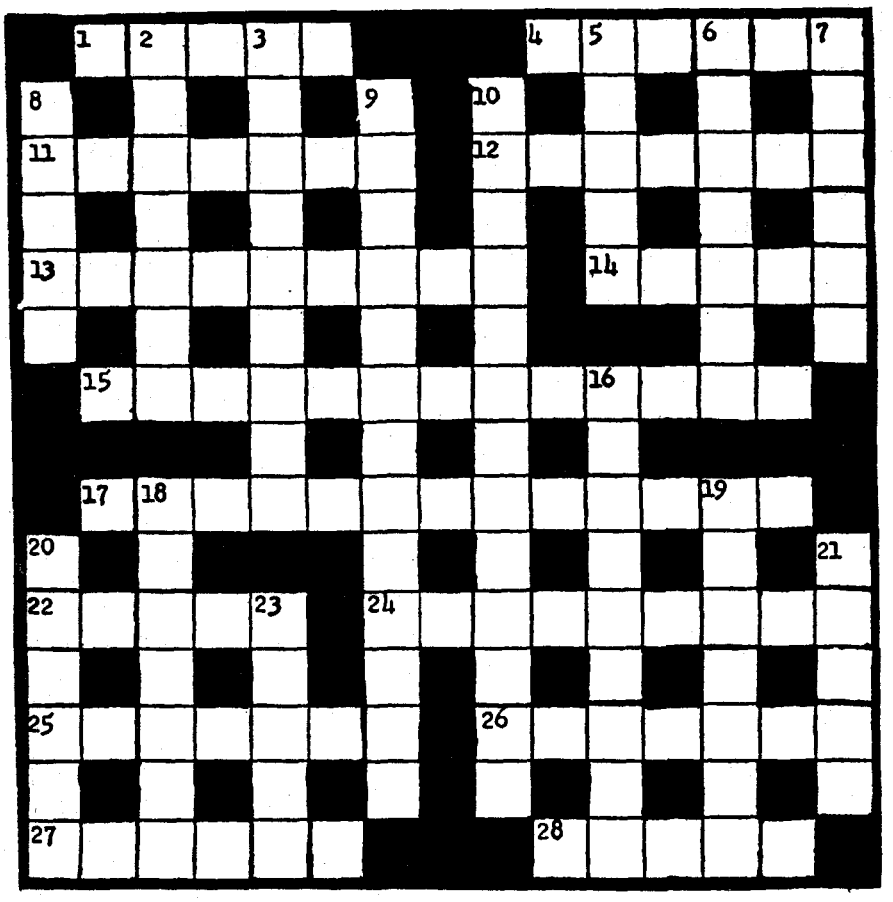
Crossword Puzzle No. 1473

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Mulligan's worries, perhaps. (5)
4 Middlemen, but not for legitimate trade barriers. (6)
11 Rather pedantic, to make all possible charges against his sort! (7)
12 The air of a flapper might have been accompanied by it. (7)
13 Not like a certain Samaritan. (9)
14 Perhaps slip out of what may have runners, by the sound of it. (5)
15 Concerning what might be taken up by the work of some autobiographers. (9)
17 It involves a higher footing on what certain subjects might be asked to say as a possible last course. (7,6)
22 One has obviously survived the passage of time. (5)
24 Row at first, or alternatively rue the sound distinction between one leader or the other. (9)
25 What early warning enthusiasts do with a body in small part. (7)
26 One is necessarily inclined to have one. (7)
27 Turner takes in nothing to dislike so intensely. (6)
28 Stick the office help with a few musical lines! (5)

DOWN

2 That's the long and the short of it, when it comes to prosody. (7)
3 Scylla's associate was one. (9)
5 Some of Orwell's animals were more than others. (5)
6 Lower in price. (In a way, each writer makes it.) (7)
7 Spit more at an angle! (6)
8 To some degree it's not in, but almost. (5)
9 Italian October is much referred to by historians. (3,4,2,4)
10 Englishmen always seem to have ties with them, but they prove that ours, too, is not a classless society. (6,7)
16 A very common variety of eglantine. (9)
18 They went on foot with such as Hermes, demonstrating how a lariat should be coiled. (7)
19 Fisher, if fat, doesn't have means of transportation for the county official. (7)
20 Applied to an old-time Dodger, it's rather tricky. (6)
21 and 23 One might show you how to act in a classic Western. (10)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1472

ACROSS: 9 Pasture; 10 Plateau; 11 Elixir; 12 Defeated; 14 Editors; 15 March; 17 Turin; 19 Tangram; 21 Palavers; 23 Hyenas; 25 and 8 Sinking fund; 26 Bed-roll; 27 Advertisements. DOWN: 1 Implement; 2 and 22 Passive voice; 3 Erudition; 4 Shed; 5 Oppressing; 6 Irate; 7 Theater; 13 Forthright; 15 Martyrdom; 16 Half-soles; 18 Relined; 20 Monsoon; 21 and 1 across Post-impressionists; 24 Ebbs.

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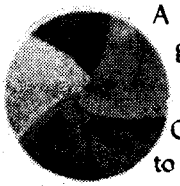

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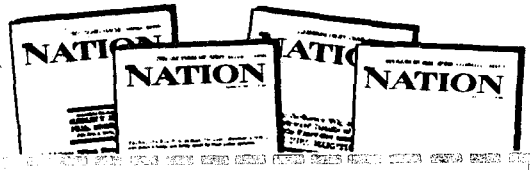

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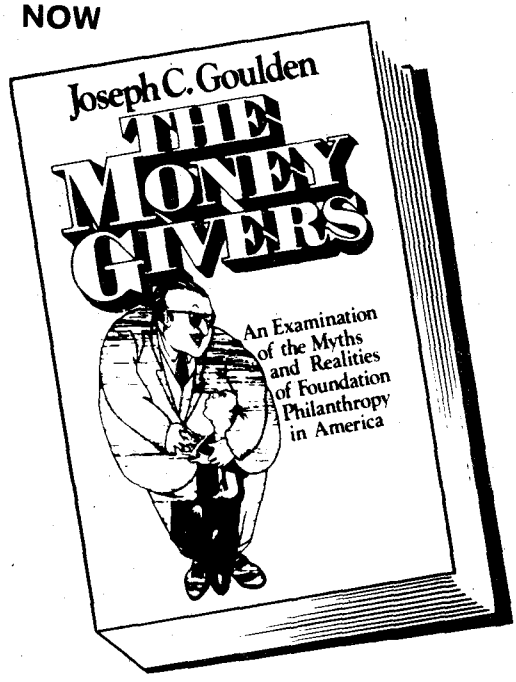

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